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COUNTRY LIFE

OFFICES:

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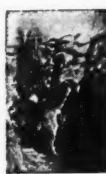
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COUNTRY LIFE

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SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 24th, 1917.

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RITA MARTIN.

MISS MARIGOLD FORBES.

74, Baker Street, W.

COUNTRY LIFE

THE JOURNAL FOR ALL INTERESTED IN
COUNTRY LIFE & COUNTRY PURSUITS

OFFICES: 20, TAVISTOCK STREET, COVENT GARDEN, W.C.

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THE ECONOMY OF DAIRY FARMING

IN Mr. James Mackintosh's instructive lecture to the Farmers' Club on Monday afternoon one of the most interesting passages was that in which he compared the cow as a food producer with other animals of the farmyard. Perhaps an expert might take exception to the definiteness of his figures, because there is certainly scope for error in them, but the error must be so small as to be practically negligible. The point of Mr. Mackintosh was that if the cow consumes 100 lb. of digestible nutrients she will yield about six gallons of milk containing 13 lb. of edible solids, practically all digestible. That is her most important function, because 75 per cent. of the milk is sold in its natural condition. If, however, the milk is made

into cheese, the yield of edible solids is 7 lb.; if made into butter, about 3½ lb., disregarding the separated milk.

Now, this is an excellent record as compared with the other animals on the farm. A pig will produce about 20 lb. dressed carcase from the same amount of nutrients, and after allowing for water, bone and gristle, there remain over 12 lb. of edible dry meat. The steer and the sheep yield from 7 lb. to 8 lb. dressed carcase from a similar quantity of food, and after deducting the water, bone, etc., the edible dry meat is only about 3 lb. The cow, therefore, easily takes first place as a food producer when the milk is used as it comes from the udder. If it is turned into cheese or even butter the return is still greater than that from any other animal except the pig; and a fact of great importance is that when the pig, the steer and the sheep have yielded up their quota of meat they are dead and done with and no more is to be expected from them, but the cow goes on year after year giving her milk and producing calves as well. The cow, therefore, is easily the most productive animal on the farm. She is the only one whose produce did not come into competition with foreign supplies before the war. We import a very great deal of bacon, mutton and beef, and cheese and butter as well. Of the 8 lb. of cheese consumed per head 1½ lb. are produced at home and 6½ lb. brought in from abroad. We use 15 lb. of butter per head, of which 2½ lb. are produced at home, 2½ lb. imported from Ireland, and 10½ lb. from abroad. In regard to this, the point made by Mr. Mackintosh is that the food products which come from abroad have all gone up enormously in price. The principal food product, milk, which comes from our own pastures has not gone up to the same extent, but, nevertheless, a maximum price has been fixed for it. The first quality of English beef was 70 per cent. higher in January, 1917, than in January, 1913. First and second qualities of cow and bull beef showed a still greater increase—not less than 79 per cent. and 81 per cent. Wheat, barley and oats increased in price by 115 per cent. in the case of oats and to 146 per cent. in the case of barley.

The moral drawn by the speaker was that farmers are offered a great temptation to put aside dairy farming in favour of more lucrative branches of their profession, such as fattening cattle, feeding sheep and growing cereals. As usual, there was a certain amount of stumbling about before the Government made up their minds what to do. The first Price of Milk Order did not take into account the increased cost of production and had to be amended. Mr. Mackintosh's point is that a great many farmers, especially those supplying large towns with milk, owing to the increased cost of feeding stuffs, are doing no more than paying their expenses. On the other hand, we might point out that the really country dairy farmer who has plenty of feeding stuffs on his own farm, grass for a great part of the year, hay and roots for the rest has not felt the pressure as much as those who work for town consumption and whose farms are situated close to the places they supply. His argument ends with an appeal that all restrictions should be removed and all reasonable assistance given to dairy farmers to enable them to increase both their output of milk and the number of their herds. It is a very fair argument, and yet it does not take into account the severe pressure which is being placed on the poor consumer. After all, every woman of working age is not earning great sums in a munition factory and every man has not doubled or trebled his income. In fact, there is a considerable section of the population on whom the rise in prices tells very severely. It is to the national advantage that a supply of the very best milk, the most valuable food for young people, should be available at a price they can afford. That is what stands in the way of providing an answer to such a plea as that which has been put forward. How it can be met is a problem deserving of very close study, but we are afraid it will not be tackled until the war is over and the normal position comes back.

Our Frontispiece

OUR frontispiece is a portrait of Miss Marigold Forbes, daughter of Lady Angela Forbes, whose engagement to Captain Edward Compton, Scots Greys, son of Lady Alwyne Compton, is announced.

* * * It is particularly requested that no permissions to photograph houses, gardens or livestock on behalf of COUNTRY LIFE be granted except when direct application is made from the offices of the paper. When such requests are received, the Editor would esteem the kindness of readers if they would forward the correspondence at once to him.

COUNTRY NOTES



It is a striking feature of the British character that it always shows increased strength as the need arises. The Great Loan furnishes a striking example of it. No previous appeal has been carried to the people with such *élan* and received with so cordial a response. The Chancellor of the Exchequer had formed no low estimate of the capacity of his countrymen in this respect, and he hoped rather than expected that the Loan would reach a total of £600,000,000. It transcends that figure by £100,000,000 now and applications are still pouring in, and the business of counting will not be completed till next week. This is the strongest reply that can be made by this nation to the Germans. It shows that the refusal of the vague and unsubstantial peace proposal of the enemy is endorsed by the popular voice. The whole nation, which in all its sections and ramifications has contributed to this Loan, thereby proves its steadfast determination not to lay down the sword till the cause for which it was taken up has been achieved.

MR. LLOYD GEORGE has been able to make a very skilful adjustment of potato prices. The new Order bears the impress of practical common sense. A little more is allowed the farmers, the price to consumers is fixed for the time being at 1½d. a pound and will only go up a ¼d. in the course of a week or two. But the most essential point is that the immoderate gains of the middleman are checked at their source. For the first time, a price has been fixed at which the wholesale dealer may sell to the retailer. The only criticism to be made is that there may be some temptation to hold up supplies in the hope of obtaining the superior prices. To some extent this is an advantage, because it tends to the conservation of our resources; but if carried too far it might do incalculable harm. Unfortunately, there is no trustworthy means of arriving at an exact knowledge of the stocks held in the country, and without that information it would be difficult if not impossible to do more than the Prime Minister has already done.

WITHOUT in any way underestimating the submarine effort of the Germans, it can be truthfully pointed out that they have greatly exaggerated their power, and the damage they are doing falls very far short of producing an effective blockade of this country. According to the best naval authorities, it seems near the mark to say that Germany possesses not more than 110 to 120 large submarines, that is to say, vessels of from 800 to 1,200 tons, on which they depend for distant enterprises. In addition, they have smaller types, the UB and the UC. The UB is used chiefly for defence and the UC for minelaying. These forces are ludicrously inadequate for the task to which they are set. Here, as elsewhere, the proof of the pudding lies in the eating of it, and the most trenchant comment on the new submarine frightfulness is to be found in the figures relating to the importation of wheat during the week ending February 10th, the first complete week of the so-called blockade. The figures show that 2,766,200cwt.

of wheat were brought in as compared with 1,111,800cwt. in 1916, 1,839,700cwt. in 1915, and 1,474,400cwt. in 1914. The totals of corn, grain, meal and flour were nearly double what they were last year. It is known that the hunt for submarines has not by any means been unsuccessful, so let the Germans bluff as they will, they must feel that things are not going as they wanted.

IN addition to this, the tight-lipped official reticence of their *communiqués* and the severe censorship of the Press cannot long conceal the fact from the German public that the Kaiser's army is being daily hammered by Sir Douglas Haig. Point after point has been carried even in the dreadful weather which characterised the end of winter and the thaw with rain and fog which followed the frost. Never was warfare carried on more steadily and methodically, and against the British the Germans have lately been unable to score a single success. Their surprise attack on the French in the Champagne district did indeed yield them a temporary triumph, of which the Kaiser was glad to make the very most in one of his facile and easily produced congratulatory telegrams. But the French may be trusted "to make good" at an early opportunity. They, too, have completely mastered the science of warfare as it is carried on by the Germans, and the prospects are that they will speedily recover what they have lost, and more. Even according to the not markedly veracious returns of the Germans themselves, the total casualties amount now to more than 4,000,000. When Fritz of the market place considers this fact along with the result of the latest English Loan, he will sooner or later be forced to draw conclusions of his own very different from those the Government would put into his mouth.

IN FEBRUARY.

Against the sky the leafless trees
Show fairer than in June,
Massed in the distance, soft as mist, this afternoon.
But near
Like carved ebonyes
They stand, austere.
On high,
As faultless as a flower,
Each tender little line,
Finer and yet more fine,
Is thrown against the sky
Like melody against a silent hour.

Against the sky a bird a-wing
Circles and swoops and soars, a peerless thing,
And for one lovely moment floats at rest.
Then, where a watery light
Shines in the west,
Dips with one perfect movement out of sight.

Ah, me! if I should die
Afar from trees, or birds in flight
Against the sky.

ISABEL BUTCHART.

NECESSARILY we write before the Prime Minister's speech is made regarding the cutting down of imports, but that is not altogether a disadvantage. This cutting down is that of a Committee appointed by Lord Curzon to carry out recommendations made by Admiral Jellicoe in view of what might be expected from submarine warfare after Christmas. It is, therefore, a little out of date, and we hope that before taking action the Admiralty has been asked what may be expected now. Cutting down imports may be easy in the case of certain neutral countries, although it would be a great mistake, for instance, to interfere with the importation of butter from Denmark. But in regard to the Dominions beyond the seas and our Allies, very great care should be exercised. France, Italy, Canada, New Zealand, Australia, all send produce to this country under definite agreements. As far as necessary food is concerned, the country is not in a position to reject whatever may be obtained from abroad, and even in regard to other articles there is a danger that as much ill as good may come of injudicious action. The whole business has been delayed so long that not much confidence is felt in a right decision being arrived at.

IN another part of the paper Dr. Brenchley gives an account as fascinating as it is useful of the forms which vegetation assumes on land that is allowed to become derelict, that is,

to pass out of cultivation. It has a great agricultural interest, but we cannot forget that at the same time it shows what in all probability must have been the condition of primitive England; especially is this so at Rothamsted, where Sir John Bennet Lawes, among the many experiments which he started, tried the effect of leaving two pieces of land uncultivated. They grew crops until 1882 and were then allowed to fall down and re-colonise themselves. The second half of the wilderness is perhaps the more interesting of the two. The ground is covered with an extraordinary mixture of grasses, leguminous plants, and other herbs, among which young brambles and rose plants flourish. But the most persistent invader is the ivy, which has advanced from the copse and covered the ground with such a dense mat of foliage that other plants have been smothered out of existence. But the process of reversion to the waste differs greatly with the character of the ground. On the farms round Poverty Bottom which were ploughed within living memory, the gorse reigned supreme. On the derelict Bedford clay reclaimed by Mr. Saunderson the hawthorn was the predominating factor, although roses and brambles made a great struggle of it. Self-sown Scots firs repeople the sandy soil of parts of Norfolk and Suffolk when it is left alone. These examples, which might be multiplied, show what the agriculturist has to face when he makes up his mind to force land like this back into the dominion of the plough.

BREAKFASTS of porridge and milk, often as they have been advocated in these columns as well as elsewhere, have for the moment fallen into disrepute. His Majesty's horses on all parts of the front and at home are consuming such enormous quantities of oats that the price of oatmeal has become almost prohibitive. It has got far beyond the cost of flour, and as milk, too, is dearer than it has ever been before in the recollection of those living, the breakfast of porridge and milk has become too expensive for those who wish to combine a conservation of their own resources with the most frugal use of those foodstuffs which have to be imported from abroad. It is strange that, as shown in another part of the paper, those who claim to be food advisers continue to preach the economy of using oatmeal, apparently without taking the trouble to find out what it costs.

THAT doctors differ we all know, but that experts in gardening should disagree about the commonest produce is enough to cause dismay. Mr. A. P. Laurie writes to the *Times* to say that the only vegetables worth growing are peas and beans, to which Professor Keeble retorts that "peas and Brussels sprouts are luxury crops and should now be grown only in small breadths or not at all." Both of these adepts enunciate views that the practical people who themselves, their fathers and their forefathers, have cultivated food plants in their gardens for generations would describe as "clotted nonsense." Mr. Laurie missed out what the working-man regards as the most feeding of all vegetables, the tear-producing onion. If there is no meat to be had, give him a large onion and a slice of bread and he will not consider he has a bad lunch, nor will his work flag after it. Nor would Professor Keeble, if he preached from now to the end of time, convince those sons of toil, who judge of food by the strength it imparts to them, that peas do not form a most nourishing diet. While of the sprouts it might be said in these days of dear and scarce potatoes, blessed is he who hath his garden full of them! They occupy a most important place in the economy of the poor.

THE President of the Board of Agriculture is suffering badly from the worry and overwork of his office. As we write he is confined to bed, and we all wish him a speedy recovery from his indisposition. Mr. Prothero has appointed Sir Arthur Lee to be Director-General of Food Production. It is understood that Sir Arthur's chief business will be to overlook the work done by the War Agricultural Committees, see that seeds are supplied, and also fertilisers, feeding stuffs, machinery, labour, and so on. In addition to this, Mr. Prothero has placed the Hon. E. G. Strutt on his right hand as Additional Agricultural Adviser, and Mr. A. D. Hall on his left hand as Scientific and Technical Expert; while the Duke of Marlborough has been appointed Joint Parliamentary Secretary to the Board of Agriculture. This is all very well, as long as nobody thinks that a difficulty is got over by appointing a new secretary and a new staff to deal with it. The country is showing very considerable reluctance to believe that salvation is coming through an enormous multitude of

officials who with their myrmidons have swarmed over clubs and hotels. The only hope is that, as usual, the country will be able to muddle through somehow.

IT would appear that a very great muddle has arisen over the employment of German soldiers on the land. A yeoman farmer, who is a member of the Agricultural War Committee of his county, informs us that another hitch has been raised by a resolution on the part of the military authorities to let the prisoners go out only in batches of ten. He is situated in a district where the farms run from 120 to 300 acres, and nobody employs ten labourers all the year round; very few of them have as many as that even during harvest. The usual staff consists of two or three ploughmen and a shepherd, if sheep are kept. Therefore, five men would be more than ample for the requirements, and why batches of five should not be sent out is a question for the military authorities to answer. It would seem that between the latter and the agricultural people there is a considerable amount of friction. Someone is urgently needed who will take this matter in hand and deal with it, not purely from a military point of view nor from an agricultural point of view, but from a common-sense point of view and with a single-minded desire to further the interests of the country. Besides that, there is a considerable trouble about lodging the prisoners. Foolish schemes are talked about of having them at centres considerably distant from the farms where they would be employed, and if more than three miles have to be covered, the farmer is expected to send for the men in the morning and get them back at night. Since the above was written a new circular has been issued offering the men in batches of five, but the farmers of the neighbourhood must first agree to employ sixty between them, and this before knowing their suitability, which they could only ascertain by interview.

DEAR ENGLISH GIRL.

As roseate light on Winter snows
The glory of her colour glows,
So cool and clear, so sweet and fresh
Her flesh.

As Autumn on a Northern stream
The dusky depths that curl and gleam,
So soft and free, so russet fair
Her hair.

As the blue deeps of Summer night
With twinkling stars of humour bright,
So mystic, yet so gaily wise
Her eyes.

As the glad essence of the Spring
The heart of her I love to sing,
That fairy soul, that very elf,
Her Self.

H. C.

IT is unfortunate that the Shire Horse Show this year should have opened under depressing weather conditions. Mist and cold rain are much more uncomfortable than frost. This is the greater pity, as the show is really an excellent one. The number of entries and the quality of the animals prove that owners of studs have not been neglecting the care of the great farm horses. The greatest novelty at this show is an exhibition to illustrate the reclamation work now being undertaken on the Duchy of Cornwall. Excellent photographs show on a large scale the character of the natural moor, and beside them is a most ingenious and illuminating model of the estate as it will be after reclamation. No more striking object lesson in the cultivation of the waste has been given in England, and it is no wonder that it has aroused great interest and attention. The example set on the Duchy estate will no doubt be imitated before long on others.

SIR FRANCIS CARRUTHERS-GOULD has a pleasant little quatrain in the *Westminster Gazette* wherein he depicts in simple phrases the work that is being tackled by the clergy of the Episcopalian Church. But the great organisation can do more. Not only must the rector keep growing artichokes and the curate growing greens, while the archdeacon and the dean devote themselves to beans and the bishop to potatoes, but they can bring into operation the parochial machinery of the church. We can conceive of nothing more certain to ensure full cultivation alike in the gardens of the poor and of the rich, in the rectory garden and in the cottage garden. If this were done a very large section of the population would be amply protected from any threat of famine. If every inhabitant of a village could raise enough

vegetables to keep him and his family from autumn until June the food problem would be solved, because the professional growers are amply sufficient to provide for the remainder of the population. Sir Francis knows this very

well, but we wish his playful verses had been illustrated with equally playful cartoons. In our mind's eye we see a delightful series of them, and trust that the great cartoonist will take the hint.

PLAYING AT ECONOMY, OR THE FOOD EXPERT AND THE STORES' LIST

FROM the changes in diet suggested and the substitutes for certain staple articles offered in certain quarters, such as leading daily papers, so-called food experts, official food controllers and even public schools, it is an irresistible conclusion that scarcely anybody understands that in these days theory has to be sternly checked by the price lists. The shining example is that of Lord Devonport, the arch food controller. His strength of character and talent for organisation are being frittered away owing to an imperfect understanding of the real food situation. In the rations which have been made with docile approval he made no mention of potatoes, and only a few days pass before his second in command, Captain Bathurst, has to suggest a potatoless day weekly!

From this has sprung the most extraordinary proposals for the use of potato substitutes. They have mostly taken the form of increasing the run on oatmeal. Even before that the Eton boys had set the well intentioned example of offering to consume oat cakes instead of flour. Miss Margaret Dyce, Head of the Cookery Department of King's College for Women (University of London), where experiments in catering in accordance with the rations are being made in the kitchen, is reported in the *Times* as saying that the only alternative to potatoes are swedes, rice or oatmeal. She dismisses swedes as 'unpalatable' (which she would not have done if she ever had eaten them properly cooked and mashed with a little dripping), rice as being only good for curries, and has only oatmeal left. In the students' rations *menu* porridge and milk stand first, followed in one case by curried eggs and bread and margarine and marmalade, and in another by fish cakes, bread and margarine. Miss Dyce has drawn up a number of recipes for oatmeal, which she is sending out to enquirers, but she does not seem to know that not one person in a hundred could make a decent oatcake according to her recipe. Even in Scotland, where oat cakes used to be an ordinary daily food and the method of making them was much simpler, the experts were few and far between. The best I ever tasted were hung out to dry on the washing line of a cottage woman at the back of Ben Ledi. Where we have gone a-fishing, oatmeal cakes, or farles, oatmeal porridge and new milk, oatmeal puddings up to the haggis, "great chieftain of the puddin' race," are unmistakably nutritious, but—well, the "but" needs a paragraph to itself.

It was when oatmeal was comparatively cheap that it was advocated in these columns. Recently it has become most horribly dear, dearer than the cheapest flour. According to the price list of a well known stores, that for the week ending February 23rd, which is selected merely because it comes handy (the prices are practically the same everywhere), the cheapest in price, but in our opinion, the best flour is described as "whole meal for brown bread, coarse or fine." It costs 1s. 9½d. for 7lb.; the dearest pastry flour is 1s. 11½d. But a 7lb. bag of Robinson's oatmeal costs 3s., and rolled oats, which are the best for porridge, are priced at 2s. 8½d. per 7lb. That entirely knocks the stuffing out of the argument for substituting oatmeal for flour. Only a wildly patriotic Caledonian would contend that oatmeal is more nutritious than flour. If Miss Dyce can afford to give curried eggs, bread and margarine and marmalade in addition to porridge for the students' breakfast, she would find it cheaper to leave out the porridge when oatmeal is 5d. a lb. and milk when it is 6d. a quart, and substitute tea or coffee. Her oatcake if the fat is left out and a little soda used instead in the way of a thrifty Scots-woman, even if she can find the expert to make it, would be less nutritious and much less economical than a home-made brown roll. How she manages to crowd into her bill of fare, when it costs the students only from 10s. to 14s. a week for their keep, a dinner made up of artichoke soup, baked beef-steak and kidney pudding, tomatoes, potatoes and chocolate mould, we do not know. Tomatoes cost 1s. a lb., and, at any rate, there is too much labour and fuel required for the cooking of the dinner in war time.

Experience of the working of the voluntary rations will be useful when compulsion has to be applied. There is, we are afraid, no escape from it. Be it remembered that had there been no war a shortage of food would have occurred all the same. The grain harvest was deficient everywhere, and this country had not yet digested the fact that the meat supplies which have poured into it during the last thirty years were fast drying up.

At present the control of food is in a most unsatisfactory condition. It comes from an unworkable combination of freedom and compulsion. Nominally certain prices are fixed, but the regulations are not enforced at all, or only in a timid, half-hearted way. The stores and other big shops have ignored the order that retailers were not to charge more than 1½d. a lb. for potatoes, and growers have easily avoided selling at £8 a ton. Confusion was heaped on confusion by the reluctance to open clamps in the middle of a hard frost. Mr. Lloyd George has cut the knot with a sword, and we hope he will enforce the regulations. The long frost has still further complicated matters, especially in the country. Never in memory did the winter supply of greens and other vegetables look so good and abundant as it did when winter opened, but the effect of the continued frost has changed all that. Savoy cabbages remain standing and eatable, but the Brussels sprouts have gone under. Winter turnips and swedes have rotted. Celery left in the trenches has been frosted. Even the cottager's supply of potatoes has suffered, as, indeed, has that of his master. Neglect of good storage has been induced by a prolonged series of mild winters without a single really punishing frost. Formerly clamping used to be more carefully done, a good covering of straw being put on before the clamp was earthed up; in recent years precautions of this kind have been neglected and the frost has very considerably diminished the supply.

Under the circumstances it would be insane to stop any supply of wholesome food that is finding its way into the country. Lord Devonport indicated a while ago that his eye was on the Canadian salmon despatched to this country in cold storage and sold here as fresh Colonial fish. It will be hoped that he will do nothing of the kind. Canadian salmon is as nourishing as any meat and has been usually retailed at about 1s. 6d. per lb. and is good feeding value for the money. There is a tendency also to ban tinned foods or at any rate rumour says so. Rumour will probably turn out a lying jade as she often does. People in this country have been so used to preserved foods that if deprived of them in a year like the present the average housekeeper would be at her wits' end. Eventually trouble is bound to follow if there is interference with the importation of food. On the other hand, if we are to be put on rations the first article to be dealt with is the potato. The price should be fixed so that the feeding value of the potatoes should be at least equal to that of the wheat purchasable for the same money. At present, and going for the sake of consistency on one price list, a satisfactory wheat or wholemeal for brown bread can be purchased for 1s. 9½d. for 7lb., or, say, 3d. a pound. Potatoes at 2d. a lb. are dearer because (1) they are sold in their skins, (2) there is in the average pound a percentage of diseased or for other reasons uneatable potatoes. Labouring people ought to be plainly warned that potatoes at 2d. a lb. are not thrifty. That, of course, is no condemnation of the greengrocer who says he cannot sell them at a lower price. However, the obstacle now concerns us no longer here, as the Prime Minister, after calling a meeting of experts on Saturday afternoon, decided that the price charged by retailers should for the present be three-halfpence a pound.

On the other hand, it does not seem possible to adjust the prices to the respective feeding values of oats and wheat. Owing to the gigantic demands of the Army which has a tremendous number of horses to feed, oats have gone up to a price which must be almost if not quite unexampled. Hitherto nearly all food economists at least as far as the diet of children is concerned have advocated porridge and milk as preferable to tea for breakfast, but they never calculated

on porridge costing more than bread. If farmers who cannot get in wheat will sow oats this spring (and oats are more easily grown and a more certain crop) the question of relative costs will right itself after the harvest. Meanwhile those in charge of children should be urged, if it is necessary, to make a change of diet that it should be of a kind to ensure plenty. "Give a

a child plenty," says a Russian proverb, "if it be only sawdust." This question, or rather series of questions, calls aloud for immediate and resolute handling. For several months to come the country will have to go on with supplies barely sufficient. It is for the Food Controller to control and make the best of our resources as a nation.

HINTS TO FARMERS ON EMPLOYMENT OF WOMEN LABOURERS

HAVING for the last two years devoted a good deal of my time to the organising of women agricultural labourers and, moreover, having myself worked as one, I would like to point out to farmers a few things which I think may be useful to them, in order that they may get the best work from the women they employ. I have worked through the hay and corn harvest, have hoed, scyathed, pulled docks, cleaned ditches, carried faggots and logs, picked fruit and gleaned beans.

Very soon I found that the unaccustomed physical exercise made me extraordinarily hungry. I used to get very tired, but always noticed that after eating I could work ever so much better, so at last I tried eating something every two hours. I found I did better work with less fatigue than on the days when I did not have the time to get my little snack.

Many farmers forget that most of the women they now employ have never done any kind of physical work before, and the women themselves do not realise that in outdoor manual labour continual energy is being taken from the body that needs replacing, and they seldom suspect that the tired feeling is merely that the machine is run down for want of fuel. I have tried my method with several of the women working with me, and they all own that the more frequently they eat the less tired they feel.

On most farms, unfortunately, at present quite the contrary system prevails. Educated women used to four good meals a day find that they are expected to be in the field ten hours a day and in the harvest time longer, and have only two breaks, one for breakfast and one for dinner. Then, unfortunately, they mostly have to get and cook their own dinners, and are not able to have nearly as good meals as they are accustomed to in their own homes, where they have probably been doing work of a far less tiring kind. I would suggest that every two hours the women should have ten or fifteen minutes' rest, and that they should take out enough food to eat something while resting. This could be easily managed, and I am certain the farmer would find he was the gainer.

Another good reform, in my opinion, would be if the farmer could see his way to mapping out his work in a more interesting way. For instance, to be kept, as I have been, pulling dock roots from morning till night for three consecutive days and then hoeing for a week on end, is absolutely unnecessary and makes the work hateful to most women. The farmer, with very little trouble, could arrange for the roots to be pulled in the morning and have the hoeing done in the afternoon. I am quite certain that in this way all of us would have done the work better and quicker, for we should not have been so terribly bored. Some women were kept six weeks on end at hoeing all day with the result that they came back to town and said: "Never mention the word 'Land' to us again!" Even in harvest time I recommend farmers, if they divide their workers and have some in one field and some in another, to let them change fields at half-time, for even the change of place and outlook helps to break the monotony which, to the educated women, is the worst feature of purely mechanical work. A man farm labourer seems to have become a machine and not to want change, although for his own sake I think he needs it, but may the Lord keep us women now beginning to enter this field of labour from becoming that kind of machine.

Another great alteration that, in my opinion, must take place, is in the conditions of the accommodation and chances of recreation. To take the accommodation: of course, we know that at the present moment, in a crisis such as we are passing through, we must rough it and not expect luxuries. But, again, we do want to get the best and most work out of our women. The unaccustomed exercise makes them need the baths they are used to having and which, were they able to get, would help them to get fit and work better. There are, I know, gentry living near most farms who could, at a time like the present, even if

they were unable to billet the women, anyway offer them the use of their bathroom.

But why should not the gentry billet the women? Women are far easier to billet than men. In most houses there are one or two attics to spare, and now that most of the youths and men are away there are plenty of spare bedrooms available all over the country. Why should not people volunteer to billet a certain number, cook for them and look after them generally? Surely this is work of national importance!

As to recreation, of course, at first there is no time, for the fatigue of the day makes all new workers go to bed as soon as possible, and Sundays they are contented to do nothing but laze. After a while though, when they become accustomed to the work, they need books and other relaxations. Books are mostly unprocurable. A clergyman in Suffolk lent us some which he was in the habit of lending villagers, but as most of us were good sleepers, we left them unread. In the evenings I find the villages extremely dull, there being no kind of entertainment of any sort provided. Here, if anywhere, evening classes would be appreciated, anything where one could use one's brain again for a short space of time.

Then farm labourers, as shop people, might be allowed one afternoon off a week on a non-closing day when they could shop either in a village or town. One farm where we worked was three miles from a village, and we never could get even a watch mended, for the only time we had was after closing time weekdays and Sundays. These suggestions may seem trifling, but it is the trifles that make life endurable or not.

Then, most important of all, there is the question of wages. At present all farm labouring is underpaid, but now that the Government is taking over the paying of farm labour, let us hope they will see that if the girls are boarded they get adequate food and proper clothing. Most town girls' clothes are of no use on the land. It is not the same as working indoors in a factory. On the land the workers are out in all weathers, and are frequently soaked to the skin for want of proper apparel. A skirt is very much in the way, however short, and once it gets wet and dirty becomes a heavy weight to drag about while working. The best clothes are knee breeches and a short oil-skin coat on wet days, and a cotton coat that can be washed for fine days. Good, strong boots and gaiters, and a hat that has some sort of brim to keep one's hair dry in the rain and also the sun from scorching one's face.

If, however, the farmer is to pay the wages, let us have proper contracts, and see to it that the girls have a decent living wage, a wage that enables them, even with food at the present price, to be properly fed for the first six weeks, when their appetites are enormous owing to the sudden change of occupation. I think the present allowance of 4lb. of bread and 2½lb. of meat inadequate. For refuelling I found I required an enormous lot of fat and sugar. I never eat fat in town; in fact, I dislike it, but once in the fields I find myself even scraping the dripping pot and eating sugar by the spoonful. If, owing to the present state of affairs, the allowance must be reduced, I am afraid the work of the new women labourers will suffer during the first few weeks.

Let us hope that after the war many of our men and women who have been serving their country, either in the Army or making munitions or by working on the land or any other form of physical work, will realise that life could be made far more attractive for all by halving the day and letting no one work more than half a day at purely mechanical work. On the other hand, a man who works with his brain all day very often becomes nervy and one-sided, and is not much better than the man who uses his muscle only and becomes a mere machine. If it ever becomes possible to change our ways of living so that a man or woman could have part time mental and part time physical occupation, would not the whole race benefit?

AMY J. DRUCKER.

DERELICT LAND

By DR. BRENCHEY.

AWAY back through the centuries, long before the time that our British forbears were fighting in woad and clothing themselves with skins, the face of England wore a very different aspect from that of to-day. Far less of the country was under cultivation, and where there are now broad acres of well tilled land interspersed with occasional woods and copses, there were then great tracts of forest in many places. With the progress of civilisation more and more of the woodland was felled, and the cleared land put under tillage and pasture. It frequently happens that land which has been under the plough for many years is, for some reason, left to its own devices and allowed to run wild. The behaviour of such derelict land is of great interest; in some cases it gives a good example of reversion to the primitive condition of

Consequently all the shrubby plants were grubbed out from one half of the wilderness, while they were left to grow unchecked on the other half. At the present time the ungrubbed half has developed into a wood of oaks and hazels with thick brambles in places, wild roses on the outskirts, and a typical wood flora on the ground. The dense foliage in summer prevents the undergrowth from flourishing at that season, so the ground plants are chiefly those which develop in spring before the leaves are on the trees. Dog's mercury, wild arum and dog violet are almost the only flowering plants, and in some places the ground is carpeted with ivy. This probably represents an almost complete return to primitive conditions. Woods containing the same trees and undergrowth are not far away, and it is almost certain that the wilderness itself was originally woodland



A REVERTED FARM ON DARTMOOR.

things, while in others it shows how instant is the response to outside interference of any kind, and how great is the influence of variation of soil conditions on the recolonisation of land.

At Rothamsted two pieces of derelict land exist, which were cultivated until 1882 and were then allowed to fall down and recolonise themselves. Both areas or wildernesses were fenced in, and have been preserved from outside interference as much as possible.

Broadbalk Wilderness is fairly well drained and is on a heavy loam, containing a fair proportion of chalk. Wheat had been grown continuously for nearly forty years, but in 1882 the crop was left standing and the area neglected. Within five years every vestige of wheat had disappeared and a battle royal was raging between numerous species of plants, which were partly arable weeds and partly immigrants from the surrounding hedges and fields. Conspicuous among these early colonists were brambles, hawthorns and other bushes, and, as time went on, these began to gain the upper hand, to the great detriment of the ground flora.

which had been cleared and cultivated for many years. Everything favoured such a return, as the drainage was good enough to give all the ordinary species a fair chance, and no interference of man or animal has been permitted.

On the other half of the wilderness the struggle is still going on; everything is fighting on the side of the return to natural conditions, and constant care is needed to prevent this from happening. A dense ground flora exists, made up of various grasses, leguminous plants and other herbs, but interspersed are numerous young brambles and rose plants, which grow mightily and have to be grubbed up again and again to keep them from getting the upper hand. During the last few years a more insidious enemy has crept in. The ivy from the copse has quietly established itself, advancing here a little and there a little, until now a large patch of ground is covered with such a dense mat of ivy that almost every other plant has been smothered out of existence, while the rest of the area has been invaded to a less extent. The spread of the ivy cannot be checked, as on account of its habit it cannot be grubbed up like the brambles. The future of this

part of Broadbalk Wilderness is uncertain, but it looks as if the ivy will eventually force one's hand and insist upon a return to primitive conditions being allowed.

Geescroft Wilderness is on a very similar soil to Broadbalk Wilderness, but there is very little chalk present and the field is badly drained, so that the soil is rather acid. These factors have a great influence on the re-colonisation.

The dampness of the soil has favoured the growth of a mass of huff-caps or tufted hair grass, which is so dense that most other plants have been unable to gain a footing or have been strangled out of existence. Scattered among the huff-caps are a few small shrubs and trees, but these do not seem to be making any effort to spread and claim the ground for their own. One end of the wilderness has been drying out to some extent during the last few years, with the result that the huff-caps have had to come into closer competition with other plants and have not been able to hold their own so successfully as in the damper parts. This change is becoming more marked and shows how closely the plant colonists reflect slight variations in life conditions. One interesting feature of the Geescroft flora is the survival of several species which were present as weeds in the arable crops before 1882, such as

Reversion to primitive conditions such as has occurred in the Broadbalk Wilderness and in the Wyre Forest can only take place when soil conditions are favourable and when the vegetation is left alone to fight its own battles. Directly man intervenes the course of events is changed, the direction and extent of the interference determining the march of events. It is not strictly correct to consider land as derelict when it is deliberately utilised for purposes of grazing and mowing, as these operations have such a great influence upon the flora that they may be considered as methods of cultivation. Nevertheless, such land is most instructive in showing how easily the balance of plant life is changed by any kind of interference. Two excellent instances of this are to be seen at Flitwick in Bedfordshire. One field was allowed to pass out of cultivation some years ago, and for some reason or other leguminous plants obtained a strong foothold. Last year the whole field was a mass of red and white clover, alsike, procumbent clover, hairy and slender vetches and slender vetchling, which were growing in such luxuriance that they reached nearly up to the top of the wheels of the trap, so that it was possible to gather specimens without dismounting. The land was left alone for some time, but



GORSE TAKING POSSESSION OF REVERTED ARABLE.

horse-tail, bitter-sweet, ribwort plantain, forget-me-not, bindweed, dandelion and cleavers. It is quite probable that Geescroft was originally a woodland area like Broadbalk Wilderness, but the unfavourable soil conditions induced by lack of chalk and bad drainage have prevented the reversion of the vegetation to natural conditions.

The Wyre Forest in Worcestershire and Shropshire provides other instances of reversion. The soil is of a light sandy nature and the woodland is made up of oaks and birch with an undergrowth of heather. Parts of the forest have been cleared during the last hundred years, cultivated with vegetables and other crops and then allowed to fall down. Among the first colonists to appear was knot-grass, and this was followed by a mat of tormentil, wood-sage and heather scattered with dwarf birches, forming a sort of scrub. Under these circumstances the oak does not seem to be able to regain its footing; the competition of the scrub is too keen. In other parts of the forest which were cleared and neglected many years ago the oak is absent and the birch and heather dominate the situation so that it is unlikely that the newer clearings will revert to the true primitive conditions unless planting is resorted to.

now it is mown every year and gives a good crop of valuable feed. Such a luxuriant growth of wild clovers and vetches is rarely seen, as grasses and herbs gain the upper hand in most cases.

To a casual observer the second Flitwick field conveys no idea of its history. Situated on heavy clay land, in July the field presented a show of luxuriant herbage, with a large amount of white clover intermingled. The area was let down from arable about twenty-four years ago, and has never been seeded, has never received any slag, and no cake has been fed on it. Nevertheless, it has the highest character as a splendid fattening field (it fats beasts without any cake), and it provides excellent pasture for milking cows. Very few weed plants occur in the herbage, only an occasional plant of ribwort plantain, hawkbit, creeping thistle, hawkweed and self-heal appearing even on close inspection. No hint of reversion to primitive conditions is to be observed in this case.

The few examples which have been described give but a slight indication of the many types of derelict land that are scattered up and down the country. Arable land on the downs and old heaths will revert to a scrub of gorse and

heather, with never a hint of woodland. Land that has been reclaimed from the salt marshes and carefully nursed up until it is fit to carry good arable crops will speedily revert to typical salt marsh if the dykes are allowed to fall into a bad state of repair so that the salt water again finds entry. This is well seen in some of the Brittany marshes, where the sea has proved stronger than the dykes enclosing the reclaimed land on the sides of the estuaries.

Derelict land, as distinguished from other types of waste land, often has a special interest. Large areas were allowed to pass out of cultivation and to revert to pasture at the time of the great agricultural depression in this country; but though these fields are derelict in origin, as they were not sown down to grass, in most cases the flora has been so altered by grazing and manuring that the land can no longer be considered as derelict, except from an historical point of view. On the other hand, many fields like Geescroft were specially difficult to work on account of bad drainage, unfavourable soil, or for some other reason which rendered cultivation unprofitable, so that the land was left to become derelict in order to avoid further loss. Under the more modern conditions of farming it is possible that much of this land could be once more turned to account, as many of the difficulties of cultivation which led to the land being left derelict could be overcome by the improved method of cultivation and the better understanding of the benefits derived from draining and the application of lime or chalk.

MODERN WAYS WITH BLINDED SOLDIERS

TO one who does not boast of a great deal of moral courage and who shrinks from hospitals and scenes of pain the inside of St. Dunstan's was an extraordinary surprise. Here suffering was scarcely as much as suggested. But the atmosphere seemed to hum with the cheerfulness which belongs to those who are working with a purpose and are intent on their work. In fact, I did not at once realise either the nature of the paths that were made through the soft carpet or that those who passed along them confidently were blind. The impression was that received from a well conducted working men's club where the inmates were gay and busy and those who serve them are concentrated on their purpose. "Tommy" before he went to the war, and at the war, and after the war, has a characteristic that is never lost, and this is his fondness for some sort of musical instrument, such as an accordion, and love of popular tunes. This room was one in which the utmost freedom was allowed, and those who passed through it were mostly on their way to more serious studies. It was explained afterwards that when this home for the blind was first established at St. Dunstan's the paths along which the blind were taught to go by themselves were laid in strips of carpet, so that the touch could act as a guide. But when they came to think of it, it was seen that this was only doubling the course of training, which ought to be as expeditious as possible. There are no carpet paths either in the country or the street, but hard-trodden roads, and vehicular and other traffic to be avoided. So the carpets were replaced by a rough kind of linoleum, the surface of which bears an odd resemblance to that of a gravel path. No one can walk along it noiselessly, and the approaching footsteps are easily heard by those who cannot see. The whole scheme, as far as I comprehend it, depends upon the principle of getting the greatest amount of teaching into the shortest time. It has the effect of making the men so interested that they forget any tendency to be despondent.

In another room this became still more evident. A number of the blind were sitting in a group and talking massage. They were really learning it, but the method was conversational. One who was said to be in his novitiate, but in that case a very promising pupil, was rehearsing the process to his companions and an experienced teacher. As far as an outsider could judge, they might have been engaged in a very intimate and friendly conversation. It was only by listening carefully that one discovered how their talk ran on muscles and arteries and the physiological data with which they have to deal. I understand that very fine successes have been achieved in this profession by the men; and I can well understand it, for it is evident that delicacy of touch and sensitiveness to feeling are first requisites in the practitioner. Indeed, only those who are gifted in this way can succeed, whether they have the use of their eyes or not. But the most illuminating lesson on the development of the sense of touch was the large room in which the reading of Braille was being taught. It formed a curious and impressive picture. As it has been recognised that the capacity and previous education of the men differ to an infinite degree, so class work could not be conducive to speedy efficiency. An army can only move at the pace of its slowest wagon, and a

class advances only at the rate of its slowest pupil. There were other reasons for giving each of these learners a teacher to himself. The horror of battle leaves many an ill thing behind it, and it is well that each teacher should not only be a master, or rather a mistress, of the art, but a nurse. It is superfluous to do so, and yet one cannot touch the subject without paying a tribute, however imperfect, to those noble and cheerful women, each of whom was engaged as though it were the task of her life, in teaching a blind companion. Not one bored or tired face could be noticed; and the men thoroughly reciprocated this attention. The loss of eyesight intensifies rather than otherwise the concentration of a face, and the men attacked the task before them with an obviously sincere determination to get to understand it. It would have been possible to linger for hours over the net-work which in another room men were doing most exquisitely; again, mostly under the tuition of girl nurses.

The feat of a girl who took down a letter in perforations on a band of paper which ran through a machine and then was able to read it with literal correctness by passing her finger over the surface, was astonishing, and it points the way to a great sphere of activity, as it was easy for her after that to typewrite the letter, and this was done almost as quickly as by a secretary.

The poultry-keeping establishment itself was worth a day's consideration. Surely no sense of touch is more delicate than that which enables a blind man by feeling a chicken not only to say the breed to which it belongs, even when breeds that appear so similar in shape as, say, a Minorca and a Leghorn, are used for the test—and one would think that almost the only distinction between individual birds is the colour—but also to be able to note the points of the birds and, for practical purposes, judge them, is something that our forefathers would have thought incredible, although it is perfectly true that here and there a blind poultry-keeper, like the one in one of Mr. Thomas Hardy's novels, is to be found. The contrivances in this department are really admirable and none more so than the poultry house made in little, so that a blind poultry-keeper may pass his hands over partitions, doors, nests, and so forth, and form such a picture in his mind as would enable him to repeat the building. Surely no worthier task is being performed, even in these strenuous times, than that which has been so kindly and bravely undertaken by Sir Arthur Pearson.

MYSTERIES OF THE SEA

The Migration of Fish, by Alexander Meek, M.Sc. (London, Edwin Arnold, 1916.)

THE Professor of Zoology at Armstrong College in the University of Durham, who is also Director of the Dove Marine Laboratory, Cullercoats, has issued an authoritative and, up to the present date, final work on the Migration of Fish. Professor Meek's knowledge of the subject is first hand at any rate as regards British coastal waters; but he has by no means confined himself to British fishes. He deals with the fish of the world. The migration of these, the lowest form of vertebrata, is remarkable, and even more inexplicable than the migration of birds.

As an example of what is going on we may take the eel, whose romantic life-history has recently been to a great extent elucidated, but not even yet in all its details. From the earliest times it was known that young eels ascended rivers at springtime and that elderly eels descended rivers in the autumn, and it is then that they are mainly caught for food. Beyond that, until modern times, all was conjecture, and very wild conjecture at that.

There is a curious leaf-like fish almost as flat as a piece of paper, and so transparent you can read print through it, with no pigment except in its eye, and immensely elongated dorso-ventrally. This has for generations been known as "leptocephalus." This fish had never been found sexually mature, but towards the end of the last century a good deal of evidence was accumulated that the "leptocephalus" was in fact not a separate genus but was the youngest stage in the life history of the eels, and that this would in time turn into the "elver," which ascends our rivers in April and May. But where did the "leptocephali" come from? Johann Schmidt of Copenhagen was the first to discover, in 1904, these organisms in large numbers in the Atlantic, south-west of Ireland. A few years later he and Hjort found still younger stages in the Mid-Atlantic, but before that Italian observers had discovered "leptocephali" between the ancient Scylla and Charybdis. By gradually tracing the "leptocephali," which invariably becomes smaller as the centre of the Atlantic is approached, it became evident that they were hatched out in or about 18° and 35° west longitude and 25° to 41° north latitude, south and west of the Azores. The smallest larvae were found mid-north of the tropical Atlantic, and as one returned more and more northward and eastward the size of these larvae invariably increased. Another significant fact was that Schmidt found large, fully developed larvae in the Mediterranean; while much smaller larvae were abundant west of and in the Straits of Gibraltar. It thus became evident that the spawning region lies well away from the Continental Shelf, and that the eels of Europe have a common spawning region and that the Italian observers were wrong in thinking that the spawning took place in the Mediterranean. Quite recently Dr. Schmidt has published further details which confirm the account given by Professor Meek.

The question is still to some extent undecided at what depth of the sea the eels lay their eggs. The depth in the region in question is great, but the eggs are believed to be pelagic. But at what depths they spawn and at what depths the eggs float is still a matter of enquiry. The clear outstanding fact, however, is that eels breed in the mid-Atlantic, and that the small

transparent "leptocephali," incapable of swimming any distance by themselves, are swept along by the current of the Gulf Stream and carried eastwards until they reach the western Old World coastal areas extending from Greenland to Northern Africa. During these passive migrations they increase in size until they attain a length of 7.5 centimetres.

The spawning period is obviously a long one, for while on the north-eastern part of the Atlantic they are captured between May and September, during the winter months they are most common in the neighbourhood of Gibraltar.

Another remarkable fact is that when the male and female descend from the rivers they are able to trace their way to this somewhat limited spawning ground. After spawning they die. But what is even more remarkable is the fact that the young "leptocephali," now turned into elvers in the sea, find their way back into the rivers of the western coast of Europe. For a period the young transparent leaf-like fish eat, but after a time feeding is in abeyance, and this is just before the more advanced larvæ turn into elvers.

It is interesting to note that when the elvers reach fresh water and gradually grow into eels they are feeding on every kind of garbage. They even eat each other; they devour fresh-water fish and their eggs, insect larvæ, crayfish, frogs, water fowl, water rats, and at times aquatic plants form part of their diet, and no food controller attempts to limit their voracity.

Most fish larvæ are transparent, but in the majority of cases they have at least coloured blood, but in the "leptocephali" the blood, like the muscles and the skeleton, is devoid of colour.

Until this war commenced there was the most intensive study of the sea, especially of the North Sea, that the world has ever seen. An International Committee, including Great Britain, Norway, Sweden, Finland, Germany, Denmark and Holland, were carrying on a detailed and systematic exploration into the chemistry of the North Sea, into the distribution of the fauna of the North Sea and into the geological formation of the North Sea bottom. For many years the conduct of the British part of the international investigation was entrusted to the Marine Biological Association, whose headquarters are at Plymouth. The Association established a laboratory at Lowestoft, and one is proud to record the fact that the American Commissioner who was sent to report on the Marine Biological Laboratories of Europe rated our British efforts second to none. One is even more proud to record the fact that at the outbreak of war the ability of the Association's experts was placed at the service of the Admiralty, and even such comparatively—at any rate to the business man—useless investigations as the drifts of currents at the bottom of the North Sea have proved to be of real value in the conduct of the war.

Even more important have been the activities of the trawlers and the amazingly patient courage of the North Sea fishermen. As mine sweepers and in many other operations connected with the Navy they have proved invaluable. It is very much to be hoped that some special means will be taken to recognise their merits, for no men lead a more arduous and a more dangerous life.

One could multiply other examples of the extreme fascination of the volume before us. We could tell of the curious difference between the composition of whitebait at one time of the year and another. When Professor Huxley was our expert on fisheries he used to declare that he would have the composition of whitebait printed on his shirt front, so frequently was he asked what it all meant when dining out. Few epicures recognise the fact that whitebait in the winter is one thing and that whitebait in the summer is quite another. In February and March whitebait contains but 7 per cent. or 5 per cent. of young herrings, but this percentage gradually rises during the spring, until in June we find that herrings form 87 per cent. of the food. Now, in February and March the other constituent, the sprat, contributes 97 per cent. to 95 per cent. of that agreeable dish; but their percentage gradually drops till in June only 13 per cent. of sprats are found in the mixture. After this time the sprats gradually increase in number while the herrings fall off.

One feature of Professor Meek's book must be mentioned, and that is his careful investigation of the geology of fishes and his attempt to explain not only the present but the past distribution of the various genera. The book is well illustrated, and the frontispiece, that of a young cat-fish with its eggs, recalls a story—and it is always well to end up an article with a story. When the Board of Fisheries was removed from the Board of Trade to the Board of Agriculture, one of the highest officials there, with the sense of duty which we expect and find in our Government officials, felt impelled to visit Billingsgate at a very early hour of the morning to see what was going on there.

At one stall he saw a cat-fish, and remarked to the salesman, "I never saw that fish before."

"Well then, Sir, you have never eaten filleted sole at a cheap restaurant," replied the salesman.

A. E. SHIPLEY.

IN THE GARDEN

GLADIOLI.

BY GERTRUDE JEKYLL.

THE stately form and varied beautiful colouring of the Gladioli ensure them a prominent place among the best of the summer flowers. The groups illustrated are in a small enclosed space of garden ground that is given to plants for the late summer, such as are commonly known as bedding plants. But in this case they are not placed, as of old, in rigid stripes and blocks or concentric rings, but in bold drifts and groups of easy form, and with the intention



GLADIOLUS HALLEY.



GLADIOLI IN A GARDEN OF SUMMER FLOWERS.

of displaying them to the best effect for colour. The space is, roughly, a long triangle, and as at the wider end it was too broad to be in one, it has a raised ridge, supported by three courses of dry-walling running down the middle of the longer axis. This is planted with Yuccas, Crinums and Phormium plants, whose important aspect gives an appearance of strength and solidity as a background to the more temporary things.

There are groups of Cannas and scarlet Dahlias of the smaller and pompon kinds, the dark leaved Canna being grouped with red tinted Ricinus, scarlet Lobelia and Gladiolus brenchleyensis, with Iresine and scarlet Salvias and Geraniums. The colour then softens to reds of salmon tones, through the soft scarlet Geranium Mrs. Bartleman to the salmon King of Denmark. At the back of this is a bigish group of Gladiolus Halley, one of the cheap, handsome kinds that almost matches King of Denmark in colour. The second illustration shows a further group of another cheap kind called Lily Lehmann, of pale yellow and ivory white colouring, backed and intergrouped with tall white and lemon-white Snapdragons, and with the Yuccas in the raised ridge showing behind them. Yellow Cannas, tall and short, are also grouped with these, and at the front is a favourite mixture of the fine old canary yellow Calceolaria amplexicaulis with the foliage, abundantly splashed with yellowish-white, of variegated Mint—the old, sweet-scented Mentha rotundifolia. This and the former group of strong red colouring are brought together by an intermediate grouping of pale Geraniums, pale pink Snapdragons and Gladiolus America.

The planting time of Gladioli, which extends through February and March, is now approaching. It should be remembered that they should never be allowed to suffer from drought while they are making growth; during any spell of dry weather they should be generously watered.

THE FATE OF THE SOUTH BORDER.

THE big south border, backed by a well clothed high wall, is the glory of the garden in the late summer. But this year its pride is to have an honourable fall, for it is to be given to Potatoes. Its deep, well worked soil should do



THE BIG SOUTH BORDER AT MUNSTED WOOD.

To be planted with Potatoes this year.

well for such a crop without extra manure, and we hope for a heavy harvest of some good late kind. The border is something like 200ft. long by 14ft. wide, so that it contains a good many rods of useful ground. Only the clumps of Yuccas that occur on raised mounds where there is a cross path, and at the ends, will be saved, and a middle clump of Tritomas. It is hard to give it up, and yet one gives it gladly. The two sentiments are nearly evenly balanced, but the scale is weighed down by the satisfaction of making the ground serve the much wanted purpose. One hopes that the sacrifice may be for one year only, but if more is needed the need shall be satisfied. G. J.

THE NEED FOR EXPERT GARDENERS.

A FEW weeks ago a very successful business man in London who has a scanty knowledge of gardening ventured to offer advice in daily papers on the cultivation of Potatoes, and we read for the first time that seed Potatoes should be sprouted in a dark cellar before planting. Now,

every Potato-grower knows that the proper way to sprout Potatoes is to put the tubers in a well lighted place where they are free from frost, and for this reason seed Potatoes are often placed in single layers in shallow boxes or trays and put on the shelves of a cool greenhouse. This promotes short, sturdy sprouts from the eyes of the tubers, and the sprouts should be reduced to two on each tuber before planting; by so doing the Potatoes make better growth, yield heavier crops and are ready a good fortnight in advance of unsprouted tubers. But what is the effect of sprouting tubers in the dark? It is that instead of having sturdy sprouts we get long, spindly and anæmic-looking shoots. These shoots are not only useless in themselves, but, what is far worse, they exhaust the seed tuber and render it weak and unproductive.

At a time like this, when the people of the country are thirsting for knowledge on the cultivation of vegetables, it behoves the Press to be most discriminating in the advice placed before the public. But the above is only one instance among many of misleading advice now freely given on the growing of vegetable crops.

Under the title "Vegetables for Allotments," the following letter, printed in its entirety and signed A. P. Laurie, Heriot-Watt College, Edinburgh, appeared in the *Times* of February 16th: "May I direct your attention to the importance of giving directions to allotment holders to grow such vegetables as will really add to the food resources of the country in case there should be a shortage of meat and wheat? The only vegetables which are worth growing from this point of view are Peas, Broad Beans, French Beans and Scarlet Runners. These supply food on which life can be sustained, both owing to their nitrogenous contents and carbohydrates. Next to these in value comes the Potato as a heat former. All such vegetables as Cabbages and other greens and root crops have very little value as replacing meat and wheat."

It is true that Peas and Beans are very nutritious by virtue of the protein they contain, and we have many times referred to their special value on meatless days; but are we to believe that pulse, and possibly Potatoes, are the only vegetables for the sustenance of man? To say that all such vegetables as Cabbages and root crops have very little value as replacing meat and wheat would be ludicrous were it not for the seriousness of such a false and sweeping statement. What about the following? The Carrot, so much beloved by the cottager; the Onion, which has been valued as a food from ancient times and enhances the digestibility of food that would otherwise fail to nourish the body; the Parsnip, so sweet and nourishing when cooked whole, as it should be; the nutritive and readily digestible garden Beet; the hardy, wholesome Leek, and this so much appreciated in the North, too; the Jerusalem Artichoke, one of the most abundant cropping roots the earth produces, equal to the Potato in nutritive value, but should be cooked differently. Are these, together with the wholesome Cabbage family, to be dismissed as worthless? We rely on the good sense of allotment holders to know that it is not so. Far better that the note had not been published in our contemporary; it is calculated to discourage the growing of many valuable crops. If Cabbages and other greens are of little value as food, why all this hue and cry about the

scarcity of greenstuff at the present time? There are far too many amateurs posing as authorities on gardening just now. The mistakes that are being made and the waste of labour and seed, both so much needed, are simply appalling. There never has been a time in the history of our nation when we have been so much in need of the advice and help of practical gardeners.

The most urgent need at the present time is to cultivate early vegetables to take the place of the diminishing supplies of Potatoes and winter greens. Warm south borders should be made up with rich light soil and planted with early Potatoes, such as May Queen, Sharpe's Express, Epicure, Midlothian Early and Sir John Llewelyn. The ground should slope to the south, and the rows placed due north and south, so that each row will get the maximum amount of light and warmth. Special attention should be given to those crops which grow speedily: the Carrot, Parsnip, Turnip, Onion, Lettuce, early Peas, Broad Beans, early Potatoes, Radish, Globe Beet, early Cabbages and Spinach. It is from April to the end of June our vegetable supplies are likely to be at their lowest ebb. H. C.

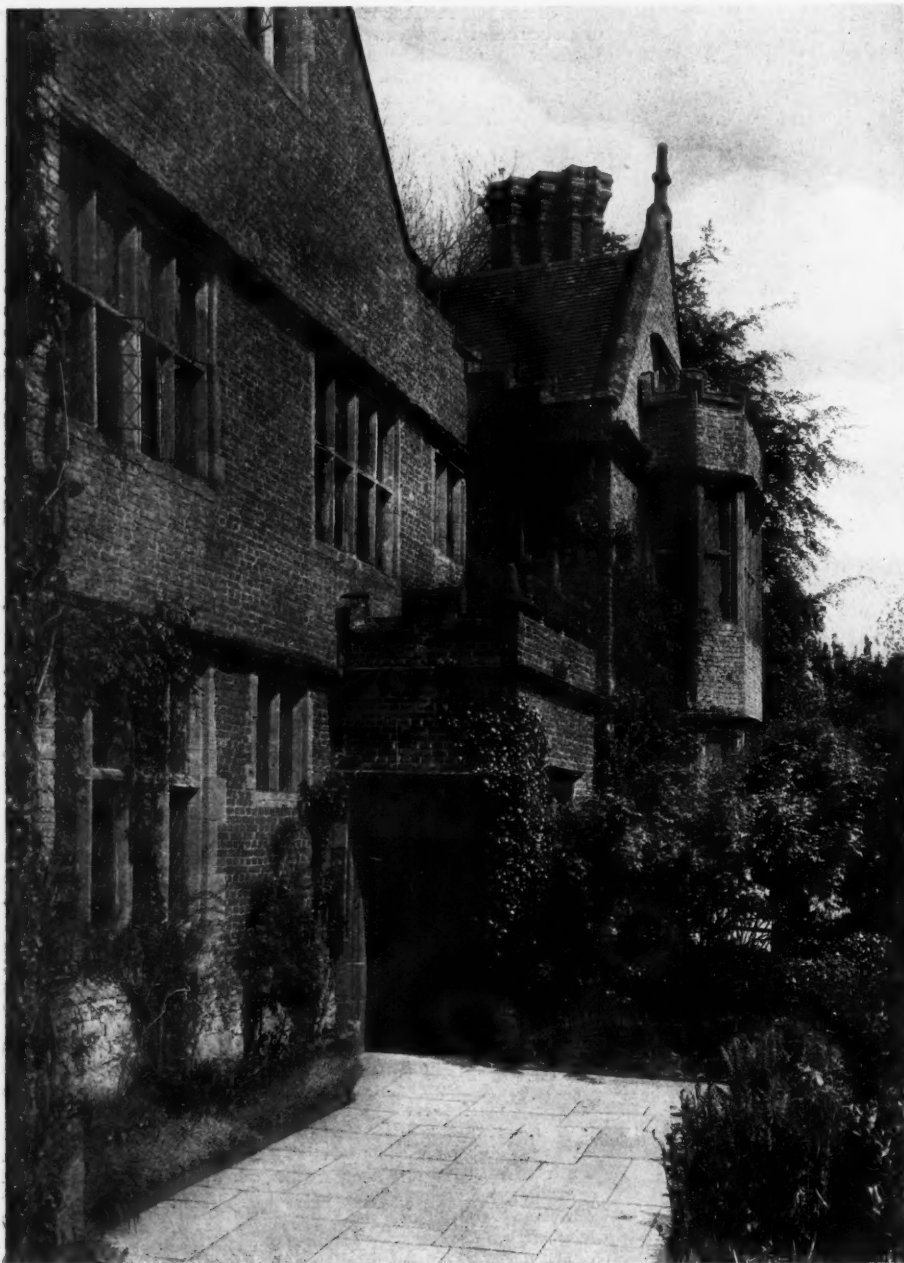


At Powis Castle so at Whitton and at Ludford—both manors near Ludlow town—we find periods of Charlton ownership. No doubt it is a far cry, both as to time and social position, between the husband of Hawys "Gadarn" and the goldsmith who acquired and largely rebuilt Whitton Court. Yet Edward II's friend, John de Cherleton, and Robert Charlton, the Jacobean citizen of London, belonged to the same Shropshire stock. We found them on their manor of Cherleton in the thirteenth century; a little later on they appear at Apley

Castle near Wellington, where they are still seated. Robert was a cadet of this branch, being a grandson of Richard Charlton of the Hay in Madeley, who was a younger brother of Robert Charlton of Apley. The Madeley youth will have gone to London to seek his fortune. Himself a goldsmith he married the daughter of a fellow goldsmith, and soon after James I came to the throne of England he found himself in a position to purchase broad acres in his native county.

The parish of Whitton lies four miles west of Ludlow in that tossed and broken country that falls, with many a

bare height and leafy hollow, from the lofty Hill of Clee to the low lying waters of the Teme. Thus Whitton stands high facing the sunny south, the rising ground to the north sheltering it, while the rapid descent to the south-east takes you at once to a brookside. The site of the Court would be chosen to-day for its amenity and healthfulness, yet it fulfilled the mediæval need of security and convenience. Here in the thirteenth century were seated a family that derived their surname from their home which they held as feoffees of the Corbets. In the Conqueror's time we know that Roger Fitz Corbet was lord of Caus Castle and of many another Shropshire manor so that the Domesday surveyors found that "the same Roger holds Wibe-tune." Eyton, in his "Antiquities of Shropshire," tells us that "Corbet's original Feoffees at Whitton seem to have been of two families, one taking a name from the place, the other a cadet of that family of Burnel which held Acton Burnel." Thus in 1209 we find one Richard de Witon acting as a surety in a forest plea that concerned the Corbets of Caus, and soon after Simon de Whitton and Roger Burnel are witnesses to a grant by Robert Corbet to a religious house. Under Henry III a de Wytton and a Burnel are named among the retainers of Thous Corbet of Caus, while Simon de Whitton and Hugh Burnel appear as lords of the manor in 1316. Later in that century John de Whitton is Sheriff of the County, and there can be no doubt that one of his descendants in the fifteenth century built himself a new hall, if not a complete house,



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1.—THE ENTRANCE PORCH.

"COUNTRY LIFE."



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2.—WITHIN THE PARTERRE GARDEN.

“COUNTRY LIFE.”



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3.—WEST END OF THE HALL.

"COUNTRY LIFE."



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4.—THE GREAT CHAMBER OR SALOON.

"COUNTRY LIFE."



Copyright.

5.—THE HALL.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

of the local stone. This may have been Edward Whitton whose name occurs in 1430, and can scarcely be as late as the time of John Whitton of Whitton who married Jane, daughter of Robert Gatacre of Gatacre in 1550, and to whom may perhaps be attributed a timber framed wing to the north-west (Fig. 9), since it looks earlier in date than Robert Charlton's purchase of the estate, an event which took place in 1611 or thereabouts. We are told that soon after he became owner he commenced altering the house, but did not hurry over it, as the dates, 1621 and 1632, appear on the brick gables of the south front, one of them in conjunction with the initials of Emma Harby, his wife. That is all we know about his alterations. Beyond that we must rely on the evidence of the house itself, as shown in the accompanying illustrations. The composition, especially from a point that takes in the south and west sides (Fig. 8), is most happy, and would be pronounced Elizabethan but for the dates on its gables, which imply that the south front was not completed till Charles I was on the throne. The plain chamfer of the window mullions, the moulded form of the copings and the finials to the gables, the tall and shapely chimney shafts, delightful in their clustering and moulded brickwork, all savour of the school of design that flourished under the Virgin Queen, when Gothic tradition still strongly tintured the Renaissance spirit. Surely, if it belongs to his time at all, not the London goldsmith himself, but rather his local master mason, who had not abandoned the forms and methods taught him by his father, was responsible for the whole scheme of the Whitton rebuilding. For a rebuilding it really was, anyhow so far as the south front is concerned. Here not one scrap of the house of the late mediæval owners remains visible. What that was like we can judge from the north side (Fig. 9) where the rubble walls, the arched doorway and a couple of the trefoil-headed windows remain. To the south there is no rubble. The dressings are of ashlar, the walling of brick—a narrow brick whose rough texture and varied tone produce an entirely enjoyable effect. Where the surface is intact the general tone is a ruddy grey splashed with yellow lichen. But there are some scattered areas where the brick has slightly decayed and reveals the warm red of its heart. The centre portion rises above the wings. It was usual for the mediæval hall to have a roof higher than and detached from the roofs of solar and kitchen buildings that flanked it on either side, and so, no doubt, the de Whittons built. The form and altitude of the roof, indeed, may have come down from Edwardian days

when the hall occupied the whole height. But the fenestration of the north side, already alluded to, implies that it must have been divided in the fifteenth century, and not, as we might have expected, by Robert Charlton (assuming him to be the partial rebuilder), in whose day, and, indeed, for half a century before it was normal and proper to place a great chamber or saloon above the hall. Had he built from the foundations he would, no doubt, have made his roof line run unbroken, and he would have allowed no lapse in the symmetry of his principal front. Probably, even here he left much of the old walling, merely recasing in brick and replacing every feature, such as windows, gables, and string-course. Nor did he greatly alter the interior disposition, and hence arose the chief exceptions to symmetry. They do not occur in the upper portion where the wide central gable descends to a coped parapet which steps gracefully down to the lower level of the parapet of the wings. The wings are of somewhat different width, but in other respects are a pair, and have dignified two storeyed bays. Under the central gable are two four-light transomed windows flanked by small ones, all duly spaced and balanced. But on the ground floor this could not be repeated, for the scheme of a hall entered at one end through screens was retained, and necessitated a



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6.—TAPESTRY ON THE WEST WALL OF THE SALOON.

"COUNTRY LIFE."



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7.—THE SCREENS, LOOKING SOUTH INTO THE PORCH.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

porch occupying the return between centre and east wing (Fig. 1). There it stands, contrary to rule, naked and unashamed, without any corresponding projection in the opposite corner such as in similar circumstances the Early Renaissance designer was apt to set up. This spirit of rebellion against symmetry *à tout prix* seems to have been strong in the hilly wilds of south Salop, for we find it again a few miles north of Whitton and the Clee hills, at Shipton Court, built under Elizabeth. There the doorway is in just the same place, and the transgressor has been still more anarchic, for he was not satisfied with a humble, single storeyed porch, but carried his unbalanced feature high in

stone. But the doorway from porch to screens is arched and belongs to the mediæval building. It appears in the illustration of the passage (Fig. 7) leading from the south to the north arched doorways and having rare and interesting panelled screens on either side, the one with a central double arched opening into the hall (Fig. 5), the other with a similar opening on to a staircase at the north end.

This woodwork is rather puzzling. It is framed in oak four inches thick; the stiles are wide and elaborately moulded; the panels are 28in. across and 31in. high. The whole is roughly adzed. We find such square panels with thick, deep moulded stiles at Speke Hall and other places dating from pre-Elizabethan days rather than from a score of years after her demise.

The screen is akin to the timber framed wing of which sixteenth century John Whitton has been suggested as the builder. Yet both may well date from the same time as the south elevation, and thus doubt is cast upon the accepted view that Robert Charlton entirely remodelled the house. So far as I know that view rests on the two gable dates only, and they do not really imply more than that the new owner carried out certain repairs and set up the dates when he did them, as has been usual enough. Short of contemporary and documentary evidence it is therefore, perhaps, prudent to avoid any precise attribution, and merely say that Whitton Court is an example of our Early Renaissance style, and a very good and charming one.

Of course, there is later work. A subsequent owner has left his mark, and again we have a date. Above the hall wainscoting the plaster is embellished with painting. Between the north windows this takes the form of a hunting scene (Fig. 5). But on the west wall (Fig. 3) the treatment is only decorative. Five spaces, divided off by painted columns, have shields: three bear heraldic lions, but on the other two appear respectively the date 1682 and the letter C with FD below it.

We must revert to the history of the Charlton family to seek the explanation thereof. Robert Charlton did not bring his son Job up to business but to a profession. Born in 1614 we find him admitted to Lincoln's Inn in 1633, and called to the Bar in 1644. At the latter date the Civil War was raging and the Royalist leanings of the Charltons prevented the young lawyer from rising at once in his profession. That had to be put off till after the Restoration of 1660. Meanwhile he had married, and, probably before his father's death, he established himself at Ludford House which the goldsmith acquired a score of years after he purchased Whitton. It is, therefore, with Ludford that Sir Job Charlton is more closely connected, and an account of his career will be given when that house is described and illustrated next week. It concerns us now to notice that he lived till 1697, and therefore was



Copyright.

8.—THE SOUTH FRONT.

"COUNTRY LIFE."



Copyright.

9.—THE NORTH SIDE AND THE TIMBER FRAME WING.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

air in the form of a tower. In both cases the breach is as happy and sympathetic as is the observance in other examples, such as Stanton Court and Llanvihangel. Shipton and Whitton, one in stone, the other in brick, are the two South Shropshire gems of their size and period. Con Dover comes in another category, being far larger and more ambitious; while at the present day it falls below its lesser neighbour in charm through the loss of its lead glazing.

The Whitton porch has at its side a moulded stone door-frame with a square head comprised of a single great

owner of Whitton when the hall frieze was painted in 1682. That, however, was the year of his son Francis's marriage with an heiress named Dorothy Bromwich. Evidently Sir Job, whose baronet's patent in 1586 describes him as of Ludford, handed over Whitton to his son when the latter became a family man, and he, acquiring means with his wife, refurbished the house. The scene over the fireplace no doubt represents them there. In the background the almost mountainous outline resembles the Cleve hills. To the left, in the middle distance, rises a three gabled house such as Whitton is. In the centre of the foreground hounds have brought a stag to bay. The huntsman, already dismounted, blows his horn, and the rest of the hunt rides up.

Sir Francis, who succeeded to his father's baronetcy and estates in 1697, will have been responsible for further

by wires) that we find covering provincial ceilings, especially in the West, dating from Charles II's time, yet lacking the excellence of design and workmanship with which Wren and Gibbons had inspired London plasterers. There is some Jacobean panelling in the Whitton saloon, but space is left on three sides for a set of very interesting tapestries of Sir Francis Charlton's time. They represent a classic house (Fig. 6), with pedimented windows and balustraded roof, having fountains, statues and topiary arches as well as forest trees in its gardens, where boys skip and play among peacocks and cranes.

With Sir Francis the work of the Charltons at Whitton seems to have come to an end; Ludford being close to Ludlow town was preferable as a residence in those days of bad roads

to a manor lost amid the tumbled lands below Cleve. So the later Charltons and their successors the Lechmere Charltons left the house and estate to fall so much in value that in 1835 we hear that Mr. Thomas Botfield acquired them for £1,000. There must have been some special reason for this paltry price; for, when only twenty-two years later his nephew re-sold it, he obtained twenty times the sum his uncle gave. This great enhancement was not due to sums laid out on the house, which had only been inhabited as a farm and which the new owner, Mr. Samuel Mills, found much decayed. He instituted general repairs in a very conservative spirit, and after his death his daughter, the present owner, carried out still more extensive renovations under competent advice. The result inside and out is most engaging and commendable, for there is an exceptional amount of original work in original condition, with necessary modern additions to the house which are innocuous, and with garden developments which are, as the illustrations show, valuable adjuncts to the general grouping of the exterior views. From the little house terrace we drop on to an ample lawn, bounded on the east side by a clipped yew hedge rising at intervals into tall pyramids (Fig. 2). The hedge screens a parterre garden of flourishing herbaceous beds and grass paths centring in a sun dial (Fig. 10). North of it is a backing of trees through which we reach the steep bank which separates the house from the ample sheet of water into which the brook has been converted by a dam. The drop must be some fifty feet; and though now irregularly set with trees — a huge sycamore, fine beeches, picturesque old thorns and apples — it was once laid out into five formal terraces one above another and occupying a length of about 200yd. It is certainly devoid of masonry and statue now, and may always have been so; but the character of the site reminds one of the Powis Castle hanging gardens; and it is very likely that Sir Francis, whose life included the years when formal gardening especially flourished, and whose saloon was hung with tapestries depicting such pleasaunces, carried out on a small scale and in simple fashion a scheme similar to that which still adorns the great castle across the Welsh border.

H. AVRAY TIPPING.



Copyright.

10.—A PEEP THROUGH THE YEW HEDGE.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

and more extensive alterations than the redecoration of his hall. Of the two doors on the west side of the hall one opens into the drawing-room, of which a peep appears in the illustration (Fig. 3). The other gives on to an ample staircase of the type that prevailed after Sir Francis succeeded. It leads to the great chamber or saloon (Fig. 4) occupying the full space over the hall, and which seems to have received attention rather earlier than the period when the staircase was introduced.

The ornamented plasterwork of the ceiling is now confined to the cornice and the soffit of the beam. Once there may have been more of it, for what there is resembles the elaborate and outstanding work (strengthened

NORFOLK AND ARUNDEL

By OSWALD BARRON.

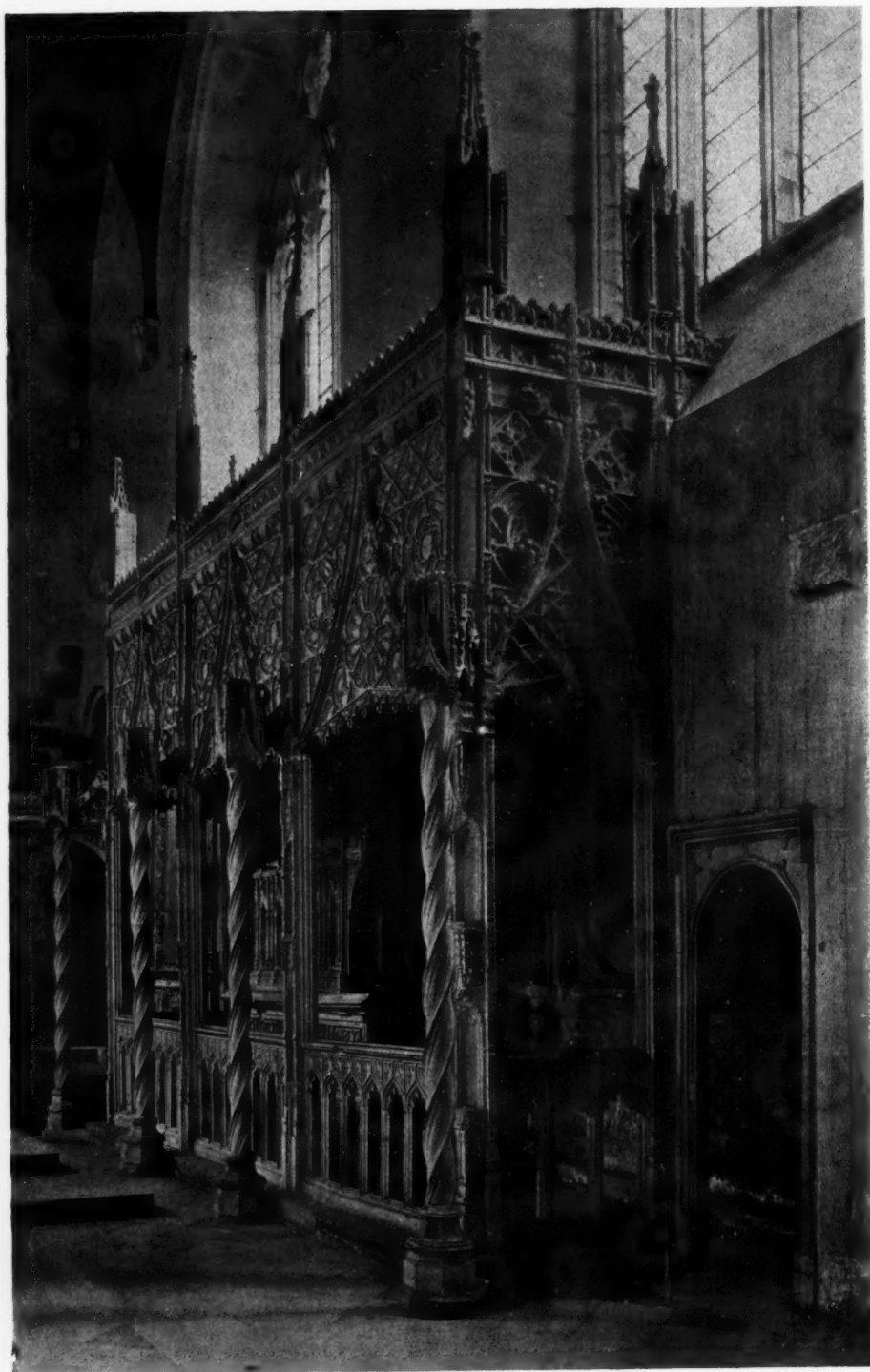
MR. MATTHEW ARNOLD, admonishing his fellow-countrymen in an acid essay, reminded them that, when the Duke of Norfolk married, their *Times* added its leading article to the wedding honours. His moral was that the Victorian Englishmen loved their lords and dukes too well, that they were a snobbish people. And now, even with the news of war crying down all other news, there have been long columns of print in memory of that duke who is now dead and buried with his fathers at Arundel.

We are still a snobbish people: this is a vice of the nation. But it was not our snobbishness which set us to read the newspaper histories of the life and death of Henry, Duke of Norfolk. The time has gone by when the dukes, those magnificent lords of land, stood before the nation as its born leaders. Yet this duke lived a life of good service. He formed no Cabinets and led no party in the State. Nevertheless, he had held office as Postmaster-General, was Lord-Lieutenant of his county, colonel of his Sussex volunteers, Mayor of Sheffield and Westminster. There are no rewards for such service: the very ribbon of the Garter comes to a Duke of Norfolk as it were an inheritance. We have nothing to give a rich duke; this one served us well wherever his hand found work to do. He was, by all accounts of his friends, a man of simple nature, a shy man to whom ceremonious office was a burden. It was a sign of him that he loved an easy and a shabby coat: his duties were for ever dressing him in purple and heavy gold. At least we know that the robes covered an honest and a kindly gentleman. Of one of his forefathers it is written that he was "as good an Englishman in his heart as he was a Catholic in his conscience": the like might be said again of Henry, Duke of Norfolk.

Even though we had been reading of the Duke of Norfolk, rather than of the man who was Duke of Norfolk, something might be pleaded against Mr. Matthew Arnold's light sarcasm. For we English are romantic antiquaries at heart: the Westminster tombs and the novels of Sir Walter touch our soul. You cannot hear those titles which the heralds recited over the Duke's grave without feeling as though ancient banners were fluttering in the air, without a memory of dead kings and fights of long ago. That one of us should be styled Duke of Norfolk, Earl of Arundel, Surrey and Norfolk, Earl Marshal of England is as if the knights might still be seen riding in their steel harness from the castle gate.

We are antiquaries, but heedless of stern archaeological truth as ever was our romantic master when he told us of the tournament at Ashby-de-la-Zouch. At the death of

the Duke we brought out the strangest old legends of the Norfolk dukedom and the Arundel earls. There were journalists who, hastening to the peerage books, hailed the dead Duke as the heir of Hereward, last of the English. Yet the rise of the Howards is plain history. When Edward I was King in England William Howard followed the law at Lynn in Norfolk. Doubtless he was the son



TOMB OF WILLIAM FITZALAN AT ARUNDEL.

of a house of small gentry at Wigenhall not far away, a house whose name, although it has naught to do with Hereward, seemed to show them descendants of some man of English blood whose English name was Howard. The lawyer became a judge: his heirs made careful marriages for themselves until a knight of their stock came to marry a lady of the Mowbrays and to beget that Jockey of Norfolk whose inheritance should bring him to be Duke and Earl Marshal before he died in his stirrups at Bosworth.

That is the true story of the Howard's rise, that and more histories of more marriages. At Arundel they stood in the place of their ancestors the old Fitzalan earls, lords of the castle and the honour. A noble sound has that name of Arundel—the name of the castle on the hill where there has been a castle above the stream since castles were first built in England. It is true enough that Arundel Castle is nineteenth century Gothic work set up on the ruins of the old

towers. The Duke was not heir in blood of those Arundel earls of old time: he was Earl of Arundel by the power of an Act of Parliament passed in the days of King Charles I, and Earl Marshal, not by immemorial descent, but by a creation of 1672. But there was the Duke where his forefathers dwelt; in his castle of Arundel with the stately tombs of his ancestors near by in the church, with the park beyond.

WHAT SUSSEX HAS DONE FOR THE WAR.—II



CAPT. H. M. LAMBERT.
Killed in action, May, 1915.



MAJOR G. L. COURTHOPE.
Awarded Military Cross.



LT.-COL. W. R. CAMPION.
Mentioned in despatches.



MAJOR E. CAMPION.
Fatally gassed.

TWO Sussex battalions played their part in the Loos advance in September, 1915, the 2nd and the 9th, a Service battalion. The 2nd Battalion, in General Rawlinson's 4th Corps, lay south of the Vermelles—Hulluch road. While the 1st Brigade swept forward and had reached the outskirts of Hulluch before noon, the 2nd Brigade were pinned down till the afternoon in Lone Tree position, as the parapets and wire had remained untouched by our bombardment. The Sussex moved up into the support line on the 24th, and early dawn next day watched their gas and smoke clouds rolling slowly towards the German lines. "The noise of the guns was deafening," one of the Sussex men wrote. "We could not hear each other speak, and the ground fairly shook after the bombardment." About 5.30 they advanced in support of the Loyal North Lancashire, and until they reached the landmark of the "Lone Tree" hardly a man was hit. For the next 200yds. they advanced under close fire, in the words of one of their officers, "steady as on parade, animated with the sole desire to break the German lines," until the undamaged and formidable German wire was seen through the smoke clouds. Sergeant Wells, who earned the Victoria Cross, took command of his platoon and led the men to within a few yards of the wire. Nearly half the little party

were killed and wounded, but Wells rallied the remainder, and finally, when very few were left, he stood up and urged them forward again, but while doing so was killed. He was found afterwards with his men round close to the wire. But the wire was too wide an obstacle, and while some of the men clung doggedly to what cover they could find, others crawled back, ready for the next attack.

The 9th Battalion also had their share of fighting in the operations south of Auchy, where they were marched to relieve the troops who had borne the brunt of the attack. The position they had to occupy was one of the most exposed on the whole line, the great slag heap of Fosse 8 a mile west of Haines, where there was absolutely no cover. The corps dug themselves in as best they could, but eventually had to retire. They were afterwards supported, and got back, and this went on for four days. "I am proud to say," wrote an officer of the 9th Sussex, "that the boys did their duty well and quite upheld the traditions of the old regiment under most trying circumstances."

The tale of the second winter in the West and the spring and summer of 1916 was one of endless local raids and counter-attacks, in which the 7th and 8th Sussex were mentioned for good work in repelling local attacks. The 9th Sussex, which had made its name at Fosse 8, made a fine stand



2ND LT. H. P. GRANTHAM.
Killed in Gallipoli.



CAPT. F. W. GRANTHAM.
Killed at Richebourg, 1915.



CAPTAIN CHRISTIE, M.C.
Recommended for D.S.O.



SIR HENRY SCLATER, G.C.B.
Commander-in-Chief, Southern Command.



MAJOR HAMILTON-GRACE.

Accidentally killed, 1915.

MAJOR HARDY.

Twice wounded, Legion of Honour.

LT.-COM. O. LOCKER-LAMPSON.

Commanding squadron of armoured cars.

MR. G. LOCKER-LAMPSON.

Aide-de-camp on Personal Staff in France.

in the crater fighting on St. Valentine's Day, when the Germans sprang a big mine beneath their front line trench. After the mine went up, in the words of one of the men, "Hell opened its mouth to us." The whole trench rocked like a boat, and after the explosion where there had been trenches was simply flat ground. A party of Germans were rushed up to hold the crater, but the Sussex, under Lieutenant McNair (who had been blown into the air), held the crater and the German attack was beaten off. Lieutenant McNair ran across the open under heavy fire and brought up reinforcements, bombs, entrenching tools and ammunition, and returned by the same route, which was still swept by fire. His prompt and plucky action earned him the Victoria Cross.

In East Sussex, Captain John Christie of Glyndebourne joined the 9th King's Royal Rifles. He was mentioned in despatches and awarded the Military Cross, and had, in addition, been recommended for the D.S.O. for his leadership and conspicuous courage at Hooze and again at Loos, where he was in command of a reinforced company which held a crater caused by an explosion of a mine under very severe conditions. Captain F. W. Grantham of the Munster Fusiliers, second son of the late Mr. Justice Grantham of Barcombe Place, was killed while leading his company on May 9th, 1915, at Richebourg L'Avoué; and his eldest son, Mr. Hugo Grantham, who held a commission in the 1st Essex, fell in an attack on a Turkish position in Gallipoli on June 28th of the same year. Major W. W. Grantham and his son, Mr. Ivor Grantham, are both serving in the Sussex Regiment. Lieutenant-General Sir H. C. Sclater, G.C.B., son of the late Mr. J. H. Sclater of Newick Park, was for the first eighteen months of the war Adjutant-General, and under Lord Kitchener was chiefly instrumental in raising the first three million men of the new armies. He is now Commander-in-Chief of the Southern Command. Lieutenant-Colonel Pelham Papillon, eldest son of the late Mr. Pelham Papillon of Crowhurst Park, who is in command of a battalion of the Essex Regiment, has been wounded by an explosion of a shell in France and received the D.S.O. The shell, bursting in front of him, cut his eye, but he carried on with the greatest coolness. "Next morning another shell severely bruised him and broke the drum of his ear, but he refused to leave his post. He set a fine example to his command." Mr. John de V. Loder, son of Mr. Gerald Loder of Wakehurst Place, has a commission in the 4th Sussex. Captain E. B. Egerton of Mountfield Court, who was attached to the 17th Lancers has died of wounds. Captain H. M. Lambert of Telham Court, who was in the 1st Dragoons, was killed in action in May, 1915, and his brother, Lieutenant R. E. Lambert, is serving with the Army in East Africa. Sub-Lieutenant Humphrey R. Brand, son of the late Admiral the Hon. T. Brand, was on the *Indomitable* during Sir David Beatty's action in the North Sea, and has been "strongly recommended for early promotion" for excellent service in the Battle of Jutland; and the Hon. Hubert Brand, who is also in the Navy, was given the Order of the Rising Sun for his services at Tsing Tau. Captain J. C. Brand, son of the late Hon.

Charles Brand, who was Master of the Southdowns, is Brigade-Major, and was Staff-Captain in Gallipoli, and has been mentioned in despatches and awarded the *Croix Militaire*. Colonel Reginald Gwynne of Folkington Manor is at the head of the Canadian War Office Mobilisation Department at Ottawa, and his brother, Captain Roland Gwynne, holds a commission in the Sussex Yeomanry. Major G. L. Courthope, who is Member for Rye, and is in the 5th Sussex, has been awarded the Military Cross. Lieutenant-Colonel W. R. Campion, the eldest son of Colonel Campion of Danny, who is Member for the Lewes Division and is in command of the 4th Sussex, was invalided with enteric in the winter of 1915, and has been mentioned in despatches; and Major E. Campion of the 2nd Seaforths was badly gassed in the spring battle of Ypres and died last year from its effects. He was mentioned in despatches early in the war. Major Raymond Hamilton Grace of Knole House, Frant, who was accidentally killed in Flanders in August, 1915, had a fine record of service during the war as brigade-major

to the 2nd Cavalry Brigade, when he was twice mentioned in despatches. He was also awarded the Cross of the Legion of Honour. Major Frank Hardy of Isenhurst Park, who is in the Coldstream Guards, was wounded at the Petit Morin in capturing some German guns, for which he was given the Cross of the Legion of Honour, and he was again badly wounded at Ypres. Mr. Godfrey Locker-Lampson is an aide-de-camp on the Personal Staff in France, and his younger brother, Mr. Oliver Locker-Lampson, is commander of a squadron of armoured cars, which has done excellent work. Commander Locker-Lampson has been away for over a year on the various Russian fronts, and has seen active service in Persia and the Caucasus. His unit has since made a journey to Odessa and thence to the Dobrudja, where it took part in engagements against the Germans and Bulgarians. Captain Austin Henry Huth, the younger son of Mr. Edward Huth of Wykehurst Park, fell in action near Ypres in



SUB.-LT. H. R. BRAND, R.N.

"Recommended for early promotion."

1915, and his elder brother, Major Geoffrey Huth, is in the East Surrey Regiment. Colonel R. H. Rawson, M.P., of Gravenhurst, who was formerly in the Life Guards, has commanded the second line of the Sussex Yeomanry since the outbreak of the war. Mr. Lewis Kekewich of Kidbrooke Park has had all his sons in the fighting line; the eldest, Captain Hanbury Kekewich, has been with his regiment, the Sussex Yeomanry, in Gallipoli and Egypt; the second son, Lieutenant George Kekewich of the City of London Yeomanry, has seen service in Gallipoli and Salonica and has been mentioned in despatches; his third son, Lieutenant John Kekewich of the 8th Buffs, was wounded, and has been missing since September 26th, 1915, and is believed killed; while his fourth son, Lieutenant Sydney Kekewich of the 21st Lancers, was badly wounded in a cavalry charge. The sons of Colonel Stephenson Clarke, C.B., of Borde Hill, are serving, Lieutenant Ralph S. Clarke in the Sussex Yeomanry, and Lieutenant Edmund S. Clarke, who has been wounded, in the Scots Guards. Sir Augustus Webster of Battle Abbey, and his son, Mr. Godfrey Webster, are both serving in the Grenadier Guards.

M. J.

LITERATURE

A BOOK OF THE WEEK

Makers of the Nineteenth Century: Herbert Spencer, by Hugh Elliot. (Constable.)

HERBERT SPENCER was born in Derby on April 27th, 1820, and died at Highgate in 1903, so that he lived in the nineteenth century whether he was one of the makers of it or not. The editor of the series to which this book belongs appears to attach a meaning of his own to the phrase "Makers of the Nineteenth Century." He has singled out for treatment conspicuous figures, and his test would appear to be rather the amount than the quality of the influence exercised by his subject. No one who is qualified to speak would deny that Herbert Spencer was a man of importance in his day. If he had not been, Mr. Hugh Elliot would not have carried volumes of his when campaigning on the veldt during the Boer War. On the other hand, it has now become certain that the influence exercised on his time by Spencer was not altogether a good one. Mr. Williams classifies him with the pacifists of past generations, Bedford in Chatham's day, Fox and Stanhope in the day of William Pitt, Cobden and Bright in the Victorian Era. On their wisdom it is now at least possible to form a final opinion. Spencer, more than almost any of his generation, was anti-military. At one time he was against the Army and against the Navy, though he modified his conviction on the latter point afterwards. But no man in Great Britain more emphatically urged the claims of peace. Into this matter he carried the Puritanism that was one of the saving characteristics of his mind. It was his conviction that war was essentially an incident in primitive history, and in "The Principles of Ethics" he argued that

as war gradually declines with increasing civilisation, a compromise is reached between the priority of the State, adapted to war, and the priority of the individual, adapted to peace. When at length permanent peace is secured, there will be no restraint placed upon individuals, except such as may be necessary for the prevention of direct aggression, or of breach of contract.

When he was preaching this doctrine, the German professors were instilling into the minds of their countrymen principles of an exactly opposite description. They never tired of dwelling on the heroism developed by war; they represented it as a furnace which separated the precious gold from the dross in human nature; and, in a word, were laying the foundations of the most warlike of European communities. The mind of Spencer was emasculated by his dream of universal peace. It seems odd that an understanding which could act with vigour on many problems failed to recognise that there is growth and decay among nations just as among individuals. The vigorous young plant pushes its old and enfeebled competitor aside wherever they occur in creation. As long as this law exists it is not only idle to dream of universal peace, but it has the effect of weakening national stamina and arresting those preparations which will always be going on when a nation recognises that the day of its ending is near when it cannot, according to the old saw, keep its head with its hand.

If we turn from this aspect of his philosophy to the religious one the result is equally disappointing. Mr. Elliot says with truth that the guiding stars of his philosophy were Evolution and Liberty, and his belief is summed up in the word "Agnostic." This word dates only from 1869, when Spencer was in his prime. It was suggested by Professor Huxley at a party held before the formation of the Metaphysical Society at the house of the late editor of the *Nineteenth Century*. Huxley took it from St. Paul's mention of the altar "to the Unknown God." Spencer adopted the word and developed what he called the religion of the Unknowable, which was not a religion at all. The idea is described in his book on "First Principles." It was about that time that George Eliot, Huxley, Tyndall and the other thinkers used to divert themselves with speculations as to the manner in which the earth came into existence and how it will pass out of it. Spencer rejected the usual explanations of the origin of the universe. It could not be self-existent, for that would involve the idea of infinite time, a thing inconceivable. Self-creation, the pantheistic explanation, he considered assumed as true the fallacy that the universe could arise out of nothing without a cause. The third hypothesis, that God made the world and all things therein, he said, only shifted the origin further back, because it forced us to enquire into the origin of its Creator. His biographer has no hesitation in showing that the doctrine of the

Unknowable to which all this analysis leads "is a tissue of meaningless verbiage":

In the final chapter of "Ecclesiastical Institutions," in the third volume of "The Principles of Sociology," Spencer deals with the "Religious Retrospect and Prospect," wherein he forecasts a time when religion will be reduced purely to the contemplation of the ultimate mystery of the universe. "One truth must grow ever clearer—the truth that there is an Inscrutable Existence everywhere manifested, to which he (man) can neither find nor conceive either beginning or end. Amid the mysteries which become the more mysterious the more they are thought about, there will remain the one absolute certainty, that he is ever in presence of an Infinite and Eternal Energy, from which all things proceed."

Such argument in reality begins nowhere and leads nowhere, but it brings home to us the fact that Herbert Spencer was a maker of the century only in so far as he interpreted a far greater man, Charles Darwin, who must be recognised, when all is said and done, as the greatest of all the makers of the nineteenth century. He was the true philosopher; but his mind, cold as science itself, refused to be led into those controversial by-paths in which Spencer delighted. There he picked up the extremist, the faddist, the narrow-minded, who were prejudiced and sectarian, while religion was a real thing to them and carried the same qualities into the rather frenzied discipleship which they yielded to Herbert Spencer. How narrow he himself was is explained by Mr. Elliot in a very fine passage:

Spencer's mind moving among facts was like a magnet moving among metal filings. If we throw together a medley of filings of iron, silver, nickel, and tin, and then pass a magnet over the heap, the iron filings will rise forth and cluster round the magnet, while the other metals will lie still. If the experiment is performed carefully, the heap will soon be deprived of all its iron, while no particle of the silver, nickel, or tin will have been removed. And so it happened when Spencer applied his sociological principles to the accumulation of facts in "The Descriptive Sociology." Every fact which illuminated those principles was drawn out and clustered round the magnet, while the remaining facts lay unseen and untouched.

The passage was worth quoting for several reasons. It shows the author at his literary best. His style is excellent when discussing theories or principles or in analysis; it is at its worst where a novelist would have excelled, that is, in painting the curious, selfish, narrow-minded old bachelor who, despite his crookedness, was able to sway some of the greatest intellects of his time. He was not a leader in the sense of being a discoverer in any department, but he worked out a philosophy that seemed at the time to agree with the new light on the universe which had flowed from the work of more strictly scientific students. Now, somehow, twilight has fallen on his fame. He served the purpose of a day, and to the young of the present hour he is but *umbra nominis*.

LITERARY NOTES

HUMOUR is the most fleeting and changing of all literary qualities. Even Yorrick, who set the table in a roar, would probably miss fire if he had to write for a comic paper of to-day. Humour, too, undergoes change according to the latitude and longitude of its place of origin. These sapient reflections were begotten in the course of glancing over a beautiful reprint by Foulis of Edinburgh of the one famous "Legal and other Lyrics" of George Outram. The author was born in 1805 and died in 1857, and the early half of the nineteenth century cannot really be described as remote antiquity, although it seems far, far away now. Mr. Outram was one of the early editors of the *Glasgow Herald*, and that "grey home of the West" was in his time less in size than it is to-day, but we imagine of almost equal capacity for strong liquor. Outram was a brilliant, lovable boon companion. If a man is to be judged by his friends, no one could stand higher. In a piece called "Is the House Warm Yet?" originally, like most of the other poems, written for the edification of a private circle, he incidentally mentions several of his most intimate friends. The Bell who "begins to falter in his boisterous career" was the poet, Henry Glassford Bell, who for a long time was Sheriff-Substitute, and finally Sheriff, of Lanarkshire. He wrote a Life of Mary Queen of Scots, and his poem about her used to be dear to such as recited at penny readings—"The Scene was Changed." The Mackenzie whose "merry voice begins to sound a little queer" was Thomas Mackenzie, Solicitor-General for Scotland under Lord Aberdeen's Administration. He afterwards sat on the Scottish bench as Lord Mackenzie. The Hill who grows tuneless under the same overpowering influence as the others was the artist D. O. Hill of the Royal Scottish Academy. I wish he had handed down in manuscript or otherwise the curious old songs with which he used to enliven the gatherings of himself and his brother academicians. Rhind "with husky throat" was for many a year Sheriff-Substitute of Wigtownshire. "The joyous-hearted Crutherland" was the well known editor of the Maitland Club publications, John Smith, LL.D., of Crutherland. Macnee, who "confuses Archie wi' the little Paisley boy," is Sir Daniel Macnee, afterwards president of the Royal Scottish Academy. He is always spoken of as a very delightful member of society, and the

reference to "Archie and the little Paisley boy" is a dig at his forgetting the difference between two of the original stories that he used to tell. Dunbar is the advocate of that name. William Spens became Master of the Scottish Amicable Insurance Company and was a fellow of the Faculty of Actuaries. Mr. Salmund was Procurator-Fiscal for the county of Lanark, and "the Doctor frae Gartnavel" was the well remembered physician, Dr. William Hutchison.

SCOTTISH SOCIAL LIFE IN THE NINETEENTH CENTURY.

I have run over these names because they show that Outram's intimates were the intellectual flower of the Scotland of his time, and his lyrics picture life as it was lived in those days. The general impression left after reading them over is that whiskey must have run like water. Outram never seems more at home than when describing such a scene as that in "Is the House Warm Yet?" to which reference has been made. Fortunately, Henry Glassford Bell, who wrote an introduction to the first edition of these poems, preserves the invitation card, the bill of fare, and so on, for the famous "denner." The bill of fare had this motto from old Pitscottie: "Syne there were proper stewards, cunning baxters, excellent cooks and potingers, with confections and drugs for their deserts." The invitation is too long to quote, but the reference in it to our "creature comforts" is an interesting list of dishes which will be unintelligible even to many Scotsmen: "varyin' our fare wi' the flesh o' the red deer an' the trouts o' Lochleven, suppin' our ain Kail, Hotch Potch, or Cockleleekie, whiles pangin' oursel's wi' haggis an' brose, an' whiles wi' sheep's head an' partan pies, rizzard haddies, crappit heads an' scate-rumples, nowt's feet, kebbucks, scadlips, an' skink, forbye custocks, carlings, rifarts an' syboes, farles, fadges an' bannocks, drammock, brochan an' powsowdie, and siklike—washin' the same down our craigs wi' nae foreign pushion, but allenarlie wi' our ain reamin' yill an' bellin' usquebaugh."

The phrase, "bellin' usquebaugh," of itself shows that the worthies of that day were particular about what they ate and drank. Ten toasts were given and followed by the note: "The farder order o' the ceremonie at the pleasour o' the companie." It was on occasions such as these that that "couthy auld man" produced his bits of ballants. The best known of them

is "The Annuity," which has been kept alive by its wit and style. The spirit of them is that of the Sign o' the Crow:

"Contented here I am, sae I'll e'en take aff my dram,
Till I fa' into a dwam at the Sign o' the Crow."

But perhaps the cleverest of the verses are those which expose the weakness or the peculiarities of Scottish law. The mystery of "Multiplepointing," or the offence of "Saumin' an' Raumin'," were meat and drink to the ex-lawyer who was now an editor. "The Law of Marriage" he hits off as Dickens might have hit an abuse of his own age and space. It begins thus:

"O marriage!—tell me if you truly are
A Deity, as poets represent ye!
Or are you, as the Institutes declare,
Nothing but a *consensus de presenti*?
No matter!—I espoused a maid of twenty
By promise, and a process *subsequente*."

In those days, if a man and a maid said they would take each other to be man and wife, the marriage was, under certain circumstances, legal, and the poem, in very plain language, shows what the result of such rashly contracted unions often was. A hint of the kind of thing may be gleaned from a couple of lines which follow the description of a premature baby that was not at all like its reputed father:

"I knew 'twas vain to play the rude remonstrant,
For *Pater est quem nuptiae demonstrant*."

For those who are interested in the old manners and old ways of a Scotland that has been greatly changed this book will be a treasure house. Some of us think that all the changes have not been for the better. Those wild Bacchanalian nights, it is true, have ceased, and probably for ever. Glasgow comes every year to resemble more and more the great provincial towns of England. The diet prevalent in Outram's time is now as obsolete as the classical dishes of Lord Monboddo; but the change from porridge to tea and from "reamin' swats that drank divinely" to diluted "Scotch" is not wholly advantageous. P.

CORRESPONDENCE

UNRULY DOGS.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I rather fancy your answer to "Chow Lover's" trying problem is the right one, but an account of my own experiences with various unruly dogs may perhaps be of interest, and possibly even useful. When ten years old I returned from my first "half" at a boarding school to find that the home authorities had provided me with a delightful surprise in the shape of a charming terrier puppy, a cross-bred black and tan, and one of the most beautifully marked and shaded dogs I ever saw. But when we came to take our walks abroad together I soon found that my new friend had a very serious fault: he speedily became an inveterate runner—not worrier—of sheep. No sooner did he spy these in a field than in an instant he was through the hedge and in pursuit, never resting until he had collected them in a close flock and run them to a stand, when his interest in the matter ceased. Foreseeing very stormy times ahead for both of us if this went on, I tried the primitive method of a good sound whipping as soon as he rejoined me. He soon grew very cunning and would sometimes keep well out of reach till we arrived home; but I took care that he should get the whipping, whether soon or late. Result—a perfect cure in a few months. He lived to the age of fourteen and a half, and was killed, painlessly and instantly, by being run over by a hansom cab; but never once, when broken, did he run a sheep again. Where there are two dogs, however, the question of discipline is greatly complicated. Two terriers came into my hands together some twelve years ago. The neighbourhood of the house I was then occupying in Gloucestershire was exceedingly "rabby"; rabbits were everywhere—in woods and copses, on the commons, in the cliffs above the Severn and the Wye. Little by little these two dogs grew so enthusiastic for the chase that I could never count on them for company at any time. They left me when I took them for a walk; they went off on their own account, returning, after being absent six, twelve, eighteen hours, utterly exhausted and mud-plastered; ate, slept, woke and slipped away again. Their loss, sometimes for days, would cause me many anxious hours of searching and my wife some tears. She pictured them in cruel traps; they never were! I paid out handsome sums for their recovery. In bitterest winter weather I have gone downstairs at every hour of the night to let them in on their return. It reached the limit of my patience when a kindly keeper brought back the fox-terrier Jack—having discovered him busy in a rabbit-hole—his identity being established by his collar—which was at the entrance of a burrow near at hand. After some needful business—that time it was five shillings and a glass of whisky, if I recollect aright—I asked the keeper his advice, which he gave readily to this effect: "Well, sir, you can keep one dog shut up in the stable all day and take the other out, and treat 'em like that always, turn and turn about. Or you can take 'em out together with one always on a leash; you see yourself that Mr. Y— does that. Or you can send away the one dog to a distance. If you do that—and it's my advice—just send away the dog that's friendliest with others; if you keep him he'll pick up another friend. Cure 'em by thrashing, that you never will, not where there's two of 'em that goes together all the time." I chose the third alternative, kept Braidie, the small Aberdeen, which was sworn foe to almost every dog he met, and he gave very little, I might say no trouble after that. But mark Jack's future. I bestowed him on my brother, who was just then living at Church Stretton, Shropshire, in a house quite near the hills. There Jack soon found a friend, a spaniel, and spent all his time with him. The spaniel

died, but was replaced in Jack's affections by a collie. One day occurred a fearful *esclandre* in the place: a murdered sheep was found upon the hills. Judging by the amount of compensation paid its owner by my brother, it had been in life an animal of rare and almost priceless breed! But there was blood upon the collie's mouth and also upon Jack's, and forthwith there went out the ultimatum "Shot at sight if seen upon the hills again." And so, with swift farewells and not a night's delay, the culprit was hustled off to my sister in a neighbouring cathedral city, where were neither sheep nor rabbits to provide temptation into sin. Here, with the exception of appearing once in the police court over a small difference of opinion with a man, Jack passed for several years a fairly reputable life, and died not long ago.—ARTHUR O. COOKE.

YEWS.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—In reading the last few numbers of COUNTRY LIFE I came on Mr. Bunyard's very interesting letter about mediæval yews. In the extracts from fifteenth and sixteenth century Kentish wills published by the Kent Archaeological Society yews are often mentioned in churchyards. Thus a man desires to be buried "between the U tree and the church door." At Halstow the yew is called "the little palm tree" in 1529. Mr. Duncan thinks that there are implications that such yews were regarded as semi-sacred objects. Mr. Bunyard doubts their having been planted with utilitarian purposes, but I believe I remember to have somewhere read of an ordinance of the reign of Elizabeth enjoining the planting of yew trees (seven, I think, in each) in all churchyards in order to provide wood for bows. I cannot find any reference to such an ordinance, but my impression is strong that I have somewhere read of it.—MARTIN CONWAY.

AN EARLY NESTING DIPPER.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—While walking by the side of a small "beck" I saw that familiar "denizen of the wild," the dipper, alight on a stone in mid-stream. It stayed a while, flew away, returning shortly to the same stone, and though I walked up the "beck" to the adjacent river, I failed to see any cause or reason for the dipper's preference for that particular spot. The following day I came to a halt at the same place and was more puzzled than before by the dipper again alighting on the same stone and its mate flying swiftly past me upstream, uttering an alarm note, on which the pair flew away and I lost them. The possibility of them nesting seemed quite improbable, for weeks and months previously the bitter, freezing winds that had swept from the snow-capped tops and ice-covered slopes of the Lammun Hills over East Lothian had made such a thing as birds nesting seem highly improbable; nevertheless, I crossed the "beck" and made a thorough investigation of the ice-covered banks, and eventually was both astonished and delighted to find the dipper's nest, quite *three-parts built*. To make certain it was not an old nest I withdrew, and from a distance observed both birds flying to the old ruin with moss in their beaks and saw them busily at work constructing their future "home." The date, February 13th, 1917, is, in the writer's experience, the earliest record of dipper nesting made within the previous ten years.—A. PILKINGTON.

A MORE DIFFICULT RIDDLE.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I saw a riddle in COUNTRY LIFE of February 3rd, and thinking enclosed might interest some, send it; but very likely it is too long for insertion.

"When the breezes shake the trees
With a gentle murmuring
And each rushing brook rejoices
And each voice proclaims the spring,
From the clustering bees untiring
In the honeysuckle near
To the songsters in the branches
With their music rich and clear,
My first I hear.

"When no sound disturbs the calm
Save from yonder mantled tower,
And the moonlight gilds the chamber
In the solemn midnight hour,
And the ghosts of memories buried
Their hopes again reveal
And the sharp sting of the present
And the wound that will not heal,
My next I feel.

"And when by oceans margin
Two gentle souls are met
And they talk of feelings changeless
As the stars above them set,
And they listen to the billows
So musical and low
And match their love unfathomed
With the boundless gulf below,
My whole I know."

—A. KESWICK.

THE COMPOSITION OF COUNTRY CEILINGS.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—About a year ago I took a cottage in Essex and had it put in repair and decorated. After we had been in it two or three months I noticed that the newly whitewashed ceilings were going in discoloured patches all over. It looked like damp, but only the ground-floor ceilings were affected, and none of the rooms seemed at all damp. I had them whitewashed again, and before the summer was out they were blotchy once more. This time I had to fall back on an old village man to do the whitewashing, and when he came he assured me that nothing would ever keep those ceilings white, because they were not plaster. "I put 'em up myself," he said, "so I should know. They're cow dung and oat straw, and sure as you

wash them
it'll come
through
again." I
have never
heard of a
ceiling of this
kind before,
but they are
certainly solid
and wearing
well, apart
from colour.
I should like
to know if
they are
common.—
O. M.

THE PERSUASIVE BEAR.

THE EDITOR.
SIR,—The bears are a great attraction to all visitors at the Zoo, and their characteristic poses are familiar to most, though when visitors have been too plentiful and generous the bears lie low and do nothing. There must be many readers of COUNTRY

LIFE who never have the chance of seeing their enticing ways to whom these snapshots may be of interest.—D. HUTCHINSON.

BIRDS.

THE EDITOR.

SIR,—The terribly severe spell of winter we have just gone through has been very hard for the birds in this county. Fieldfares, thrushes, blackbirds and starlings have become nearly as tame as farmyard birds. At Sutton-on-Sea three seagulls driven by hunger and cold entered the larder of a house. After they had been well fed and warmed by the inmates they departed. At Louth seagulls were seen hovering over the ponds. At Marshchapel last week a flamingo was shot. It measured 5ft. 6in. from beak to tail. These birds are very rarely seen here and, I believe, come from Africa. It seems so cruel and senseless to shoot rare birds when they do come to our country.—G. WELBURN, Orby Vicarage, Burgh R.S.O., Lines.

NEW RECIPES FOR WAR ECONOMY.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I enclose a recipe that may be useful at the present time for a nutritious luncheon or dinner dish for six people: 1½lb. veal for stewing, 1lb. spaghetti, one tablespoonful tomato purée, a pinch of herbs, a sprig of parsley, one large onion, salt and pepper to taste, a lump of butter the size of an egg. Place the butter in an earthen casserole. When brown, add the veal, cut in pieces, and let the meat brown on both sides. Then throw in the onion (chopped small), a sprinkling of flour, salt and pepper, the tomato purée, herbs and parsley, and sufficient hot water to make plenty of sauce. Cover the saucepan, and when the contents boil, let them simmer at a reduced lighting power if a gas cooker is used, or at the side of the stove for one hour and a half. In the meantime place a saucepan of water on the fire, and when the water boils add a handful of salt and a pound of spaghetti broken in pieces. In about twenty minutes the spaghetti will be sufficiently cooked. Then drain it in a colander, and pour the spaghetti into the casserole containing the meat. Mix the meat, sauce and spaghetti well together and serve in the casserole.—FRANCES KEYSER (Author of "French Household Cookery.")



PROSTRATE, BUT STILL SUPPLICATORY.



THE SUPREME EFFORT.



AN IRRESISTIBLE APPEAL.

EXPERIENCES OF AN AMATEUR POULTRY KEEPER.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—Possibly some of your readers who may be hesitating as to keeping poultry may be encouraged by the experience of a beginner. Four weeks ago to-day I bought a dozen white Wyandotte (January, 1916, hatched) pullets, most of which were beginning to lay. On the day of their arrival from a farm three or four miles away, where they had been accustomed to a free range, they laid three eggs. In the first fortnight they laid thirty-eight eggs; in the second, seventy-six, and this in the coldest weather we have had for twenty-two years. These eggs if sold would have more than repaid the cost of three pullets. The food is, of course, expensive, especially as during this frost no green food can be supplied from the garden, and the fowls cannot be let out of their shed to pick up food outside. The bought food under the above conditions comes to about 15s. or a little less in the four weeks, but a smaller quantity will be required for the greater part of the year, though we must expect to have to pay still higher prices for it.—C. R. BARTLETT.

PELICANS IN LONDON.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—The accompanying photograph was taken in St. James's Park in pre-war days in what has now been converted into "Lake City," though I understand a little water is being preserved for the pelicans. The birds were pinioned, otherwise they would sometimes be seized with a fit of energy and take flight, generally only round about the ponds, but one bird flew right away on one occasion, so it was found advisable to clip their wings. I have heard that these pelicans have been trained to catch fish for their masters in the same way that cormorants are, and as my very old edition of a natural history tells me that the bird's "pouch



IN ST. JAMES'S PARK IN THE GOOD OLD DAYS.

will hold as much fish as will serve sixty hungry men for a meal," they would be most profitable to keep!—M. G. S. BEST.

AN INTELLIGENT CORNCRAKE.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I have read with much interest the various notes on "Can Birds Count?" They certainly show remarkable intelligence at times. The enclosed photographs depict a female corncrake at her nest. Ten eggs were laid and one eventually proved to be infertile. The nest was found



"GOT A RABBIT!"



THE ADDLED EGG EJECTED FROM THE NEST.

when the grass was being cut last June, and from my hiding tent I saw her on several occasions when she had settled on her nest push one egg out from under her, and although I did not mark this particular egg, I feel sure it was the one that eventually proved to be addled.—STANLEY CROOK.

PIKE EATING SNIPF.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I heard the other day of a pike devouring a snipe. The bird, when shot, fell into a running drain. Ice extended out a little way from the edges and it was thought unsafe to let the dog fetch the snipe, the drain being one of those soft-bottomed ones so common in Ireland. It was decided to let the bird float down the stream until a safe spot should be reached. As the snipe was floating down a pike seized the bird and swallowed it. Although it is well known that pike take young moorhens, etc., I thought perhaps the above incident might be worth recording.—ROBERT F. RUTLEDGE.

HOW WOMEN CAN HELP.

[TO THE EDITOR.]

SIR,—Would you care to publish the enclosed photographs, which show one more way in which a woman can help on a farm at the present crisis? It is important to keep down the rabbits, as the amount they will eat if allowed to get out of hand is simply appalling! And in this case the "Femine Rabbit-catcher" has helped to account for nearly two hundred couples since Christmas. By the way, the dark ferret shown, which has caught a good proportion of the rabbits, is a half-bred polecat, his father being a wild polecat from the Welsh hills.—FRANCES PITT.



A GOOD RIDDANCE FOR THE FARMER.

Thirty-four rabbits. The result of one day's work.